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**A FORTY YEARS'  
FRIENDSHIP**







HENRY SCOTT HOLLAND, D.D.  
(1897)

FROM A SKETCH MADE AT HAWARDEN BY MRS GRAHAM SMITH.

A  
FORTY YEARS'  
FRIENDSHIP

LETTERS FROM THE LATE  
HENRY SCOTT HOLLAND  
TO  
MRS. DREW

EDITED BY  
S. L. OLLARD  
RECTOR OF BAINTON  
HON. CANON OF WORCESTER

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## INTRODUCTION

WHEN early in the morning of Passion Sunday, March 17, 1918, Dr. Henry Scott Holland died at his official lodgings in Christ Church, it was felt in some widely different circles of English life that much of the light and joy of life had gone. To any observer of our social or ecclesiastical life a hundred, or even sixty years ago, it would assuredly have seemed incredible that the death of a Regius Professor of Divinity at any of the English Universities could stir the slightest movement of regret among the artisans and labourers of the great towns, but the death of Dr. Holland was felt as keenly and mourned as sincerely by dwellers in mean streets in Hoxton and Bethnal Green and Poplar and Hackney, as it was in Oxford colleges or in cathedral precincts.

Dr. Holland touched life at many points ; his lifelong devotion to social problems had caused him to be, far more than any churchman of his time, in sympathy and touch with Labour ; and by Labour is meant not merely the official Labour Party, but the wider constituency which that party largely but not entirely represents. In East and North-East London Dr. Holland's

name, if not strictly a household word, was far better known than that of any other divine. For forty years his had been a familiar figure, his voice most eagerly listened to on the platforms of the People's Palace, the Oxford House, the Poplar Town Hall, and in the pulpit of church after church of that densely populated area, not to mention the very streets themselves and at the Dock gates. And 'Canon Scott 'Olland' was known personally to hundreds, if not thousands, not merely to clergy and to church and labour officials, but to the rank and file of the workers in the poorer districts of great cities.

Yet this was the same man, such was the sweep of his appeal, who drew great congregations to St. Paul's Cathedral, and who filled the University churches at Oxford and Cambridge when he preached there. Then, as his life was ending, it began slowly to dawn on the minds of many who had hitherto thought of Dr. Holland as merely an orator or a 'Socialist' that in him men had a thinker who thirty years ago was stating and then answering those intellectual problems which are regarded as specially pressing to-day. That dawning belief was confirmed when Dr. Holland's published books were read. Further, in the last ten years or so of Dr. Holland's life, the public mind received a yet fuller revelation, when some of his articles and sketches, contributed chiefly to *The Commonwealth*, were collected and pub-



lished.<sup>1</sup> There Dr. Holland was recognised, so one of his friends said at the time, as a very prince of journalists. The phrase, perhaps, needs comment, for Dr. Holland was no writer of letters to the newspapers, nor did he aspire to the mysterious and far-reaching powers wielded by the ecclesiastical correspondents of great journals; such activities were very far indeed removed from him; but he showed that he had the gifts of the great journalist in the skill with which he caught the features of a situation or a character or a movement and then drew its picture with swift, sure strokes, words and phrases as vivid as can be found in English prose.

These gifts, known to his friends and the readers of *The Commonwealth*, became clear to a still wider public of general readers within the last ten years of Dr. Holland's life. Finally, in 1917, the inclusion of a few letters from 'H. S. H.' in *Some Harwarden Letters* showed that the splendid gifts of soul, of heart, and of head, which were clear in Dr. Holland's sermons and speeches and essays burned with as bright, possibly an even brighter, flame in the more rarified air of private correspondence.

To that fact this volume is due. It contains the letters written by Dr. Holland to Mrs. Drew (Miss Mary Gladstone) during forty-two years, the records of a friendship based on deep agree-

<sup>1</sup> *Personal Studies*, 1905; *A Bundle of Memories*, 1915.

ment in religion, in politics, in art, in music, and in literature. The correspondents had moreover some close friends in common, their names appear often in these letters, and to that extent they were members of the same circle.

The story of Dr. Holland's life belongs to his biography, but as a guide to these letters a few facts may be given here.

Henry Scott Holland, eldest son of George Henry Holland and his wife, the Hon. Charlotte Dorothea, eldest daughter of Robert, 1st Lord Gifford, was born at Ledbury on 27th January 1847. In 1863 his father gave up hunting and his house in Worcestershire, and moved to Gayton Lodge, Wimbledon, which was the home of the family until 1910, and appears constantly in this correspondence. Scott Holland went in due course to Eton, where he was known as a boy of singular charm, of good abilities, as a vigorous athlete, and particularly as one in whose presence evil could not be so much as named. At Balliol, though he rowed in his college boat and still took keen delight in athletics, his great powers of mind became known. He was no great scholar in the technical sense, as his 3rd in Mods. in 1867 showed, but when he read for Greats, *i.e.* the Final Honour School of *Literæ Humaniores*, under T. H. Green as his tutor, his brilliant First Class showed the spirit he was of. He had originally been designed for a career in the

Civil Service, but his interest in philosophy determined him to stay on in Oxford, where he was elected to a Studentship at Christ Church in 1870, and became in due course Tutor.

In 1872 he was ordained deacon, in 1874 priest, and very soon he became known as a singularly eloquent and original preacher, and in his own college as a most popular 'don.' There was a company of brilliant young Students in Dr. Holland's early years at Christ Church. R. C. Moberly, afterwards Regius Professor of Pastoral Theology, F. Paget, later Bishop of Oxford, amongst them; but brilliant as they were, Dr. Holland was regarded as by far the most attractive and inspiring.

His fame in Oxford was not confined to Christ Church. As early as 1879 his powers were recognised by his appointment as one of the Select Preachers before the University, but above all the work that he did as Student and Tutor for Christ Church, perhaps the most distinctive and abiding was his effort to raise the standard of purity throughout the University. More than twenty years after he had left Oxford for St. Paul's, when the mind of official Oxford was being exercised by the alleged prevalence of drunkenness in the University, the Head of a House, whose sympathies in politics and theology were certainly not those of Dr. Holland, bore notable witness to that work.

In the opening letters of this series which belong to that early period of Dr. Holland's life, the occupations of a busy and eager Oxford tutor are reflected, together with the enthusiasm for those lofty causes which Mr. Gladstone inspired in so many of his followers. The devotion of Dr. Holland to Mr. Gladstone, which ripened later into friendship and then into intimacy, is written large here. Happily it fell to Mr. Gladstone (though Dr. Holland's powers would of themselves have assuredly demanded recognition from any responsible dispenser of patronage) to offer him a canonry at St. Paul's in the spring of 1884.

Dr. Holland's work for twenty-seven years as Canon of St. Paul's is suggested here and there in this correspondence. That work indeed was by no means confined to London; his devotion to Bishop G. H. Wilkinson had drawn him to give a share of his time to Cornwall, and for some years after Bishop Wilkinson had resigned the see of Truro, Cornwall still made demands on his time. His career at St. Paul's ended when, at the end of 1911, he accepted the Regius Professorship of Divinity at Oxford and came back again to Christ Church as a canon: five of the six canonries of Christ Church have Professorships annexed to them. His return to Oxford was in many ways a coming home, for round him were some who had been his friends and

pupils in Oxford, thirty years before, and his devotion to theology and philosophy had known no slackening through all the busy years in London. He had begun already to pick up the threads of the Professor's work, undergraduates swiftly recognised his power and charm, while the younger tutors were responding to his leading (an instance may be seen in the dedication to him of his first book<sup>1</sup> by one of the best known of them, Mr. Neville S. Talbot, as 'Magistro dilectissimo Discipulus haud ingratus,' though it is true Mr. Talbot had long been an intimate friend), when the war began and the chief opportunities of the Regius Professor of Divinity ceased. They did not return before Dr. Holland died.

Dr. Holland's deepest interests appear very clearly in this long series of letters. The friendship which called them forth was one of those perfect fellowships which involve complete mutual understanding. At its root lay a deep agreement in the things of the spirit; his ideals and those of his correspondent were the same. Probably the two men in English life whom Dr. Holland most venerated were Dean Church and Mr. Gladstone, and it is in its relation to Mr. Gladstone that this series of letters has its special value. It is particularly on that account that they have been chosen for separate treatment.

<sup>1</sup> *The Mind of the Disciples*, 1914.



They are a contribution to the literature of which Mr. Gladstone is the centre. For of Mr. Gladstone Dr. Holland was a whole-hearted follower, yet he did his thinking for himself, and he did not allow his devotion to blind him to faults of a Government of which even Mr. Gladstone was the head. His friendship with Mrs. Drew enabled him to discuss such matters with perfect freedom and yet perfect loyalty. Because of its relation to Mr. Gladstone this correspondence has seemed to demand treatment apart from the proper biography of Dr. Holland. In such a work undoubtedly many of these letters must have been crowded out, but their close relation to Mr. Gladstone gives them a character of their own, and from that point of view they are a fresh authority for estimating the man who possessed, in the words of his best opponent, Lord Salisbury, 'the most brilliant intellect ever devoted to the service of the State since parliamentary government began.' Apart from that, the letters have a unity which must inevitably have been lost if they, or a selection of them, had been included among the letters of Dr. Holland written to other friends. They touch on the topics of the hour, they have the freshness, the spontaneity, the lack of reserve which belongs only to close and old friendship. Five of the letters were either entirely or partly printed in *Some Harwarden Letters*, and are now



reprinted, by permission of the publisher, in order that the sequence of the correspondence may be preserved. One note of explanation may be added here. The names of the present Bishop of Winchester and of the Hon. Mrs. Talbot recur again and again in the letters. Usually Dr. Talbot is called 'the Warden' because from 1870 until 1888 he was Warden of Keble College, Oxford, sometimes he and Mrs. Talbot are called 'the Edwardens.' Similarly their two elder sons, the Rev. Edward Keble Talbot, M.C., of the Community of the Resurrection; and the Rev. Neville S. Talbot appear constantly by their Christian names.

It may be said that when it was proposed, before Dr. Holland became gravely ill, to publish these letters as a correspondence by themselves, his consent was sought and obtained, though he characteristically could not believe that there was anything in them worth publishing. His correspondent judged otherwise, and probably those who read the letters will share her opinion. After Dr. Holland's death the preparation of this book having already begun, the sanction of his representative and of his executors to its publication was sought and obtained. The conditions were made that no letter of Dr. Holland's except those addressed to Mrs. Drew should be included in the collection, and that Mr. Spencer L. Holland should consider the book in proof and remove any

letters which would more naturally belong to the ultimate Memoir of Dr. Holland.

This has involved only the removal of letters, and passages in letters, which refer to the other members of Dr. Holland's family; and the absence of such allusions in so long a correspondence will thus be understood. The unity of the letters is unbroken by such omissions: their vivacity, their humour, their brilliant touches bear all the characteristics of Dr. Holland's speaking at his best. And it will be noticed that Dr. Holland never throughout the long series oversteps the bounds of charity: there is no bitterness towards opponents, no ascription of bad motives, and only once an outburst of indignant wrath when the fair fame of one whom he revered had been injured.

S. L. O.

# A FORTY YEARS' FRIENDSHIP

## CHAPTER I

1876-1883

An Inquiry from Hawarden—German Literature—*Sister Dora*—The Lincoln's Inn Chaplaincy—A Visit to Windsor—Henry James—Irish Land Bill—Gladstone on Austria—The Quest for 'Angels'—A Marriage Text—The Phoenix Park Murders—The Pusey Memorial—A London Appointment—Canonry at Truro—Character of Swift—Reflections on Books—Mr. Gladstone for St. Paul's!—[T. H. Green]—Science and Dogma.

THE brief letter of thanks with which this correspondence begins might seem too trivial to print, but for the fact that it strikes three notes which can be heard through the whole: criticism of books, delight in the friendship of Mr. Gladstone and the circle at Hawarden, and the writer's keen enjoyment of the pleasure of his correspondent's conversation. The title of the book which the letter acknowledges is forgotten. Possibly it was the volume of *Translations* by Mr. Gladstone and his brother-in-law, George, 4th Lord Lyttelton (1817-1876).

CHRIST CHURCH [1876].

Thank you so much. It is most beautiful : so delightfully free and supple : the little sentence added in pencil is very perfect. Thank you extremely for your general invitation : you are wonderfully good to me : I cannot thank you enough. Good-bye—I hope you will be down again soon, and we will have an evening of comic songs, through which we will sadly and soothingly talk.

The funeral referred to in the letter which follows was that of the Hon. Mrs. John Chetwynd Talbot, mother of the present Bishop of Winchester (then Warden of Keble College, Oxford). The family was closely connected with that of Mr. Gladstone, Dr. Talbot and his elder brother, the Right Hon. J. G. Talbot, being sons-in-law of George, 4th Lord Lyttelton. Mrs. Talbot, who had been a widow since 1852, died on June 12, 1876.

CHRIST CHURCH, *June 18* [1876].

I cannot tell you how grateful I was for your most kind thoughtfulness in sending me a letter. It was such a real relief to get a word from those who stood within the shadow of the great sorrow, so to put oneself in union with the thoughts that were passing up and down their hearts ; it took away the sense of being shut away outside, far from the death-room, left to wonder what was being gone through inside by those one loved.

This made it so very good of you to have written, and this is to give you my most warm thanks. I thought perhaps I should have seen you yesterday : how the rain streamed and the wind blew on that dear, beautiful hill ! And yet how impervious to rain and wind was the great sorrow which *possessed* those who stood closest round the grave, so that they seemed to forget whether it was wet or dry, hot or cold. And still stronger than the sorrow, rose, I think, the great hope, which shows us its might then, when, right across all the wind and rain of grief and dismay, it can still hold on its way, possessed and held by the unconquerable words—‘ I am the Resurrection and the Life.’ This thought shuts the soul into itself, so that, if you lift your eyes to look away from it, it comes as a new fact to you that the rain is falling, or that the wind is cold : and it is the privilege of this *entrancement* that, I find, a funeral always gives me, and this makes it of such comfort and such grace. . . .

That lovely day at Wellington,<sup>1</sup> how little we thought of those who were then watching round the deathbed ! Yet is it not good that Nature should hold on her way in spite of passing deaths, not in pride or contempt, but in genuine strength of heart, knowing, as it were, all our sorrows, yet still undaunted, still triumphant—calling to us to believe in the *truth* of that which dies, even

<sup>1</sup> Wellington College was then the home of Mr. Gladstone's eldest daughter, who had married the Rev. E. C. Wickham, Headmaster of Wellington, 1873-1893, and later Dean of Lincoln.

though it seem to pass away—still content to rejoice in that beauty which, she knows, is to be taken away from her, but which is none the less holy and beautiful for all that ?

In 1878, feeling on the Eastern Question was at fever heat ; the Russian armies were advancing towards Constantinople, and, urged on by a section of the British public, Lord Beaconsfield, the Prime Minister, on January 23rd, despatched the fleet to the Dardanelles, from which, however, it was almost immediately recalled. Mr. Gladstone, for eighteen months past, had headed an opposition in the country, which in its fervour resembled a crusade, to the pro-Turkish policy of the Government. The succeeding letter alludes to this crisis :

GAYTON LODGE, WIMBLEDON  
[*January 1878*].

I am overwhelmed with horror. A rumour came through the Clives, I think, that Mrs. Gladstone said that Mr. Gladstone wanted to see a sermon of mine—and, actually, my credulous family believed this, and my sister has written the thing out and actually sent it to Hawarden. What can be done ? I am so genuinely grieved : to think of Mr. Gladstone, at a solemn crisis like the present, receiving my paltry sermon ! The very picture of this presumption fills me with alarm and indignation.



I can only appeal to you. Could you secrete and remove it? He may have left it unopened: I should be so entirely grateful, if you could manage to make it vanish, and despatch it back to me. Should you mind? It would be a real kindness.

If the worst has happened, then nothing can be done, I fear, except to explain and apologise for me. I should never have allowed it, if I had realised what was going on; but you know what infamous people mothers and sisters are. Till I see it back in my hands, and know that Mr. Gladstone's mind has not been bothered by this audacious interruption, I shall be 'sitting tight beyond.' I cannot be too grateful to you for your great kindness in asking me down at such a time to Hawarden: it was most delightful to me. I got such a wonderful talk with him as we left, and hope to be quite intimate with him now. Will you be at Oxford for the christening?<sup>1</sup> I am to be godfather.

GAYTON LODGE, WIMBLEDON

*July 4th [1878].*

I am a shameful and disgusting creature: I am off to-morrow morning to the Vosges Hills for a month's reading party. And now you send me one of these delicious invitations, and once more I refuse! It is abominable of me. I really am most sorry. It is so very good of you to let me come to these high festivals; and I must

<sup>1</sup> Of Edward Keble, eldest son of Dr. Talbot, then Warden of Keble College, born 31st December 1877. Mrs. Drew was the godmother.

seem both foolish and ungrateful to be so often at fault. Yet I am powerless, in the grasp of some strong Fate; and I can only thank you extremely, and wish I could be there. I am proud, anyhow, of having sent off the novel<sup>1</sup> to you, at least *several* hours before I heard from you; so pray do not think it required your letter to stir me into remembrance. Thank you very much for the long loan: I think the beautiful cover is unhurt, though I read it amid a thousand perils at breakfast—in perils from egg, in perils from jam, in perils from butter, in perils from tea, in perils from gravy—beside all the hourly perils from falls, and knocks, and bruises. The inside is *most* delightful, fresh, buoyant, expansive, filled with light and sun and air, and colour and brightness: with the sense of big, glowing, swelling waters all round it—that float one along the story with wonderful pleasure. The Allegory, too, that plays underneath, is felt, but well concealed, under the *three* loves. With many thanks for both your kindnesses.

CHRIST CHURCH [November 1879].

I sent you back your little book<sup>2</sup>—a bit late I fear. It is impossible to offer the old, familiar excuses: you will laugh at them—so I forbear: it was simply my usual forgetfulness.

When once I had begun it, I devoured: I did not stop. It has heaps of interest to carry

<sup>1</sup> *The Improvisatore*, by Hans Andersen.

<sup>2</sup> *The Vulture Maiden*, by W. von Hillern.

the story along ; and the advance in spiritual discipline by the girl is worked finely, and covers a great deal of ground ; and it is well wound into its scenery, which is kept by your side all the way with refreshing suggestions and appropriateness. And *now*—what shall I say ? What is it that makes German work so hollow, and ghostly, and phantasmic ? Why is it that you cannot escape from the wonder whether it is a *baby child* with large whiskers and flabby cheeks—a professor in pinafore—a poet eating bread and butter, who is making you your book ? Sometimes it seems as if it was Shelley who was your author, and then you catch sight of the jam in the spoon with which he is feeding himself ; and you cannot fancy Shelley eating jam with a spoon. You have the same shadowy, unreal, mistlike characters as in Shelley—characters which are obvious idealisations, fancy pictures, almost *allegories*—they float along the thin, airy shadows of the spiritual realities which they portray : only, then, the German cannot let them remain fleeting and unsubstantial, without legs—he insists on supplying them with definite legs, and then it is that it won't do, it seems to me ; for the legs are all sentiment and hang loose, and cannot plant themselves down without giving way at the knees. It is just the sort of imaginative dream that the tourist fancies in strange places as he catches sight of unknown faces, and throws out histories such as would suit the looks that meet him : these looks seem

full of immense significance, and his imagination plays with them and is charmed with its own imaginings.

This book is a most delightful and powerful example of such a method of invention, I should say : it has the same charm as one's picturesque suppositions have—and this in a very high degree.

But it stops short of being *real* : and nothing but what is *real* lays hold of me, I find. This is not ungrateful criticism to you, I hope : I thought you would [wish] to know what I thought. I am most grateful to you for the loan. I am just off to meet Henry Sidgwick at dinner, which will recall pleasant memories of Hawarden.

The Life<sup>1</sup> of Sister Dora (Dorothy Wyndlow Pattison, 1832-1878) made a considerable impression when it was first published in 1880. Sister Dora was the youngest sister of the well-known Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, Mark Pattison, and had laboured heroically in the cause of the sick and suffering at Walsall, where a statue has been erected to her memory. Mr. Gladstone recorded his reading of the book on February 15th, and was 'haunted by it.'<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Drew sent a copy to Dr. Holland, who replied :

<sup>1</sup> By Margaret Lonsdale.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Morley's *Life of Gladstone*, ii. p. 212.

[April 1880.]

How good of you ! And I had not got it ! More shame to me, but all the better luck ! Thank you extremely : I have now read about half, and feel I can look the world in the face again, without the fearful dread of being found out, by some unlucky questioner, to be hiding the horrible secret of not having read *Sister Dora*. It is most inspiring to be brought near such vigorous beauty, and to feel that we all went on living without knowing that it was going on ; and that lands one in the comfortable belief that a thousand lovely lives are even now being lived, which we shall never know of till they are done and gone : and so the world seems as if it were a better place than we fancied, with treasures yet to be discovered, and those about us are perhaps those who will be known to have been her treasures—and so all seems more worth doing. And so I am just off to bed in a most contented and happy state of mind, which I owe to your book, for which I thank you again most heartily. It was most kind of you.

The next five letters refer chiefly to an attempt to get Dr. J. R. Illingworth, then Tutor of Keble and Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford, elected to the chaplaincy of Lincoln's Inn. The incident is briefly referred to in the *Life of J. R. Illingworth, D.D.*<sup>1</sup> Few outside the circle

<sup>1</sup> *Life of J. R. Illingworth, D.D.*, p. 59.



of his friends and pupils at Oxford were aware at that time of Dr. Illingworth's great powers, and his candidature failed.

CLOVELLY, *June 25* [1880].

I must write one word about dear Mr. I. He would evidently like that Lincoln's Inn Chaplaincy very much, and it seems just the one exact thing in all the world for him. I talked to Wace,<sup>1</sup> the retiring Chaplain and present Preacher, and got all information. Illingworth is to produce eight or ten little short testimonials; the Warden ought to write one, and would you restrain his strict and accurate regard for truth as much as possible? Mr. I. will steady in London, I think, and it will be so good for him; the lawyers will be the last people to suffer from a little paradox.

So I hope the Warden will manage this without too much anxiety. What should you say to a testimonial from Arthur Balfour? Would not that do? I have suggested it to Mr. I., but I do not know whether he will have the courage to ask for it. Wace thought a candidate ought to have some of the Benchers put up to who and what he is, for the day of election. Does Lord Selborne<sup>2</sup> interest himself in it? He is a Bencher. Do you think he could be got at? The treasurer is Mr. Hinde Palmer. It would be so good if it could be secured; he would preach

<sup>1</sup> Henry Wace, D.D., Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn, 1872-1880; Preacher there, 1880-1896; Dean of Canterbury since 1903.

<sup>2</sup> Roundell Palmer, 1st Earl of Selborne (1812-1895), then Lord Chancellor in Mr. Gladstone's Government



and write a book. But he will depend on the enthusiasms of his friends ; for he has not much *public* reputation to use and work. Forgive me for drawing you into the intrigue, but I thought it would interest you. I must thank you for all your kindnesses to my mother. She enjoys her debates immensely.

CLOVELLY, BIDEFORD [June 1880].

Thank you extremely for your prompt activity : I really did not intend to lay any burden of intrigue upon you : and only hoped for Lord Selborne, perhaps, to be brought under your direction. But I did think you would like to know ; and if you really can secure a Benchers or two it will be capital. It *is* the chaplaincy vacated by Wace : the prospect of Grace is most awful.<sup>1</sup> I had already trembled ; but it is only for three months in the year, and I should think no one would hear it, and it is really the *only* duty required of him, so that I think he might pull himself together and nerve his courage for the effort. He would like the post so much, I think, that he will not bolt at the end. When I saw him, he evidently drew towards it very much. But, of course, the Vision of perpetual Grace had not then dawned upon him.

Hutton<sup>2</sup> would be capital : but does he know him enough ? The day of election is July the 20 something. Testimonials and application to

<sup>1</sup> One duty of the Chaplain at Lincoln's Inn is to say Grace at dinner in Hall.

<sup>2</sup> R. H. Hutton (1826-1897), editor of the *Spectator*.

be sent in by July 16th. I laughed dreadfully over your testimonial: Herbert's<sup>1</sup> was almost too wicked for the dear Curé [that is what we used to call Mr. I.].

How are we ever to get through this hideous Bradlaugh business? I am so deeply sorry for the trouble and pain it must be costing your father. I felt profoundly the force of his onslaught upon the *narrowness* of a *Theistic* test.<sup>2</sup> I hope to be home again next Tuesday or Wednesday: I am forced to be away from here, first by Robert Moberly's<sup>3</sup> wedding, then by a call to preach to the Queen, for which I cannot but think that I ought, in great measure, to thank your father. I will bring you back the *Henry James*, which I shall read with joy. Many thanks for it, and for your very kind invitation to Hawarden, which I shall constantly keep in mind.

CLOVELLY, BIDEFORD, *July 1880.*

Thank you extremely for the deeply interest

<sup>1</sup> Herbert John, 1st Viscount Gladstone, fourth son of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, then acting as private secretary to his father, who had been for a short time, as Tutor at Keble College, a colleague of Mr. Illingworth.

<sup>2</sup> On 3rd May 1880 Mr. Bradlaugh, M.P. for Northampton, claimed the right to affirm instead of taking an oath. Bitter opposition was raised on the ground that Mr. Bradlaugh was an atheist. There was a violent excitement in the House of Commons on 23rd June ending with Mr. Bradlaugh's arrest. Mr. Gladstone, 'much as he hated atheism, loved justice more,' and ultimately succeeded on 1st July in carrying a resolution which enabled a member to affirm if he desired to do so.

<sup>3</sup> Robert Campbell Moberly, D.D. (1845-1903), later Regius Professor of Pastoral Theology at Oxford.

ing letter on Mr. I. It so stirred me that I flashed off an ardent appeal to him on the instant, but I have not heard one fragment, and fear that the creature will fail us. I am profoundly sorry : I cannot imagine a more favourable opening for him : we might have had him at his very best. Ottley<sup>1</sup> will probably know if there is any hope at all of hooking him for it even yet—but I fear ! And soon it will be too late.

I had such a charming little visit to that delightful old Dean<sup>2</sup> at Windsor and his beautiful, sparkling wife. I have seldom enjoyed such good company. They were as kind and bright as they could be.

I talked about Death,<sup>3</sup> as you told me, but, I fancy, I may be told it is mystical, though it is not the least—not half as mystical as St. Paul.

Indeed I will often think of the anxieties and stress under which you will be living. I fear much for the strain on your father. Why cannot the others help more ? Why does Lord Hartington<sup>4</sup> never talk ? Could he not take something

<sup>1</sup> The Reverend E. B. Ottley, assistant-curate of Hawarden, 1876-1880, and then of S. Saviour's, Hoxton ; later Canon of Rochester.

<sup>2</sup> The Hon. Gerald Valerian Wellesley (1809-1882), Dean of Windsor from 1854. He had married in 1856 Magdalen Montagu, third daughter of Lord Rokeby.

<sup>3</sup> The *Court Circular* of July 4, 1880, records that on that day the sermon before the Queen at Windsor was preached by the Rev. Henry Scott Holland, Senior Student and Tutor of Christ Church, Oxford. Rumour relates that Queen Victoria disliked it, and Dr. Holland did not preach at Court again.

<sup>4</sup> Later 8th Duke of Devonshire, then Secretary of State for India in Mr. Gladstone's administration.

off Mr. Gladstone?—or Mr. Childers?<sup>1</sup> I pray that the worst may be over for a bit, and he will be comforted to see how well the European Concert works as yet: though, I suppose, there will be a *mauvais quart d'heure* in that to come, when the moment arrives for the squeeze. You are gaining rest, I trust, from the heather and the pines.

*P.S.*—About angels: for a High Churchman, not fanciful or extreme, who would do for Newark, if you wanted a man, —, <sup>2</sup> an old 'Varsity oar, now at —, would be first-rate: he is entirely wasted where he is. He has money of his own: he is a most beautiful character, and would work like a man, a charming companion, and as holy as a saint.

CLOVELLY, BIDEFORD, *July 1880.*

This is frightful! What can be done? I am so far off that I feel powerless: I am writing to Ottley to propose that he shall receive and send in all testimonials. To whom? To the Benchers generally, I suppose. The testimonials cannot now be printed: they must go in as written documents, with an explanation: or perhaps the application from Mr. I. might go in on the 16th and the testimonials later, before the election on the 26th. A. Balfour's testimonial I have: it shall leave for Ottley to-day. I am writing to the

<sup>1</sup> The Right Hon. H. C. Childers (1827-1896), then Secretary of State for War.

<sup>2</sup> A clergyman now living.

Warden to send his there. Dr. Harper <sup>1</sup> I have sent a word to, to ask him to send one in. Ottley and Herringham <sup>2</sup> will write as fervent adorers. Dr. Wilson, <sup>3</sup> of Corpus, would be good—I hardly know how to get at him. Am I any use? Is it any good for me to write one? I will send Ottley a short one if I can. But now, about the *Application*? Will Mr. I. send one in himself? I suppose he will pack one off. If not, we must send in a formal notice for him. Brooke Lambert <sup>4</sup> is a candidate.

CROSS HAYES, HOAR CROSS,  
BURTON-ON-TRENT, 23rd July 1880.

I am delighted to hear that you are recovered. I hope the little illness brought with it its gift of bettered health to follow. Your eagerness for the fray makes me think this must be so. Paget <sup>5</sup> suggests that nothing now is left but to secure sandwichmen to patrol Oxford Street with

‘VOTE FOR ILLINGWORTH  
THE BENCHERS’ FRIEND!  
WHO IS BROOKE LAMBERT?’

What do you think of this? I plucked up

<sup>1</sup> H. C. Harper, D.D., Principal of Jesus College, Oxford, 1877-1895.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Wilmot P. Herringham, Vice-Chancellor of the University of London, a pupil of Mr. Illingworth at Keble College.

<sup>3</sup> J. M. Wilson, D.D., President of C.C.C., Oxford, 1872-1881.

<sup>4</sup> 1834-1901, who had won distinction for his social work in White-chapel. He was nominated by Mr. Gladstone to the important vicarage of Greenwich in August of this year.

<sup>5</sup> Francis Paget, D.D. (1851-1911), then Student of Christ Church; later Bishop of Oxford.



heart, and wrote an ecstatic letter to Lord Selborne; it may qualify his opposition; but I know *nothing* will turn from the error of his ways the headstrong and hardened sinner. Sir A. Hobhouse,<sup>1</sup> I hear, is deputed to hear the sermons: he is, therefore, important. Arthur L.<sup>2</sup> has written to him, but any additional pressure would help. Cotton, Chief-J.,<sup>3</sup> I have feebly got at, and, I hope, Chitty<sup>4</sup>—Eddis, Paget is trying. Bidder? Baggallay<sup>5</sup> can be bagged by the J. Talbots. I have tried to set a few non-Benchers on to the Benchers. They will be stirred if they find the outside barrister has an idea that a great chance is being offered them.

I tremble for it all, but it *would* be noble if it only would come right.

I was deeply caught by that last story of James,<sup>6</sup> it was full of quiet interest and force: the situations he selects are exciting, but ugly; still the effect of that still, unflinching, uncomplaining endurance of the ignominious collapse of all ideal elements in life, without tragical defiance, or rage, yet without any moral lowering,

<sup>1</sup> 1819-1904. Afterwards 1st Lord Hobhouse of Hadspen, a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn from 1862, and treasurer, 1880-1881.

<sup>2</sup> Hon. Arthur Temple Lyttelton, D.D. (1852-1903), fifth son of the 4th Lord Lyttelton, and at this time Tutor of Keble College, Oxford; later Bishop of Southampton.

<sup>3</sup> Sir Henry Cotton (1821-1892), a Lord-Justice of Appeal, 1877-1890. 'Chief-Justice' is evidently a slip.

<sup>4</sup> Sir Joseph William Chitty (1828-1899), elected Bencher in 1875; later Lord-Justice of Appeal.

<sup>5</sup> Sir Richard Baggallay (1816-1888), elected Bencher in 1861; Lord-Justice of Appeal, 1875-1885.

<sup>6</sup> *Madame de Mauves*.



or spiritual abandonment, or any violent despair, or any fierce cynicism, in the face of all that is disgraceful and degrading, and demoralising, an endurance that can madden, and kill that vile husband by its sheer force of domineering and lofty impenetrability—this as given in the quiet graceful figure of Mme. Mauves is wonderfully fine, and novel and delicate. I enjoyed it much. I wondered up to what level of power James could move—if he did so much strong work so lightly.

Thank you exceedingly in having been so good in making me read it. I shall go on—which shall be my best thanks. We are very happy here; we talk till all is very blue—and our church is the only church ever built. You must see it; it is faultless.

An unexpected rebellion had broken out in the Transvaal in December 1880, and the Irish question was becoming more than ever acute by the activities of the Land League: boycotting had begun in September 1880. These anxieties are reflected in the following letter.

GAYTON LODGE, WIMBLEDON  
[*January 1881*].

Thank you. Pray do not trouble; I only wanted to hear your father one night, as I have never heard him in the House. I would go any night that suited if it was easy. I shall be here

from the 6th to the 13th. But I am engaged on the 7th. It would be most delightful if it could be managed quite easily. . . . London rages furiously; I am longing to hear your father's voice begin amid the storm.

Ireland is calming wonderfully for the opening moment. The Transvaal fills me with horror; above all that my brother's regiment, the 15th Hussars, is ordered there. Sir Bartle<sup>1</sup> gazes serenely, and pronounces that it will be a short business. It is, indeed, a dark and wild opening of the year. We must strive to keep our souls in patience and peace, and it is most refreshing to me to remember the calm and strength and control which possessed Hawarden, at the great crisis. *There*, least of all, did I find nervous excitement, or any sign of troubled despair. This was most comforting. Thank you much for bringing me within sight of it.

On 7th April, 1881, Mr. Gladstone introduced into the House of Commons the Bill which in time became the Irish Land Act, and 'the history of the session was described as the carriage of a single measure by a single man.'<sup>2</sup> It has been reckoned 'the greatest legislative achievement of Mr. Gladstone's career.'<sup>3</sup> It passed the House of

<sup>1</sup> Sir Henry Bartle Edward Frere, K.C.B. (1815-1884), Governor of Cape Colony, 1877-1880, when he was recalled by the Liberal Government.

<sup>2</sup> *Life of Gladstone*, ii. p. 294.

<sup>3</sup> Herbert Paul, *History of Modern England*, iv. p. 218.

Commons on July 30th, and the House of Lords, although they made many amendments, ultimately dropped all but one, and the Bill became law on August 22nd. The two letters which follow refer to the passage of the Bill through the House of Commons.

CHURCH HOUSE, HOLME, ASHBURTON.

We are, in this wild wilderness, entirely devoid of papers. We have wondered, therefore, what the 'great *moral* victory of Friday' may be to which you refer. We conclude that 'a *moral* victory' must mean that, on the base and coarse ground of fact, you have been defeated. From the epithet 'great,' we can only presume that the majority against you was very large; for we have always found in a long and wide experience, that the *moral* force of such victories, as you describe, rises in inverse ratio to the brutal literalness of the physical facts. We, therefore, condole with you heartily on the morality of the victory. It is most unfortunate that it should have been only moral! When do you appeal to the country? We wait for papers to relieve our anxiety, to quench our tears. How can this unlucky disaster be retrieved? Where can we unburden ourselves of this unhappy virtue?

MOUNT PLEASANT, DARTMOUTH  
[Summer 1881].

To my shame, I have forgotten the name of the book for the Premier. I have written to Nutt

to send you the exact title, which I believe to be *Les Origines de Religion* (F. le Normant). Forgive me! But he ought not to read it until the Land Bill is over, and all is peace. I felt quite ashamed of having chaffed, when I saw what it was that we had spoken of so lightly as the 'moral victory.'

By the by, we had the sense to secure *Pall Malls* by the time your second communication reached us.

It was a most moving and high-tempered speech—most wonderful for its moral intensity and effective force. It was a moment at which the ordinary world falls back on to lower levels of silence and pause, and waits while one pre-eminent voice speaks, and but one presence is felt. It is only a commonplace to say that there is no other man living who can bring into action the forces that that speech set moving and working. It has been a supreme feat; I suppose there remains one more effort, one more putting out of power to heave the Bill into safety over the harbour bar, where the moaning Lords are surging and spluttering. You are most kind about Hawarden. If I possibly can, it shall be done; but you know how days get packed.

CHATSWORTH ARMS, EDENSOR,  
Friday [September 1881].

Here I am doing the totally vulgar thing with great pleasure. It is slowly breaking in upon me that I am going to do the deed which I perpe-

trated with success last year, and against which you strenuously warned me. I am bound over to Bettws, and my aunt, Miss Gifford. I shall creep along under Cheshire hills and Flintshire chimneys. Now—dare I keep silence? At least, I will confess my crime, and the probable date of its perpetration. It will be done in open daylight, somewhere about the 25th or the 26th of September by the help of a Fenian pass. If you meet any one in close disguise about then, creeping along the Hawarden roads, it will probably be me. I venture to give you this warning, because you kindly made me promise to do so. If it is too venturesome, you will frankly tell me, because I am thickly pressed by relations, and have alternatives at hand. Only, if the vigilance of the police did insist on penetrating my disguise and cutting off my escape, how delightful it would be! Even though it could only be for one short night.

*P.S.*—We go from here on Wednesday to the Izaak Walton Inn, Dovedale, if we can succeed in squeezing our way through the opposing crowds who occupy every road and bed.

During his Midlothian campaign, at the end of 1879, Mr. Gladstone had spoken so strongly of Austria that his words gave offence at Vienna, and when, in 1880, he was Prime Minister, the Austrian Ambassador, Count Karolyi, complained. In reply Mr. Gladstone published a



letter to the Count, which was, by some, thought to use language 'of almost exaggerated humility.' The Emperor of Austria said, 'This is the letter of an English gentleman.' The letter had appeared on May 10, 1880, but it had come up in a talk with his correspondent when Dr. Holland was at Hawarden in September 1881 :

KEMERTON COURT, TEWKESBURY  
[October 1881].

One word of uprightness. About the Karolyi letter. I do not at all doubt the truth of what I said about the general position. I feel quite sure that, at the time, I was perfectly happy about the motives and grounds with which Mr. Gladstone wrote. But I confess now that I remember things, that I was a little distressed that the *amplitude* of apology in the withdrawal of the charges had been made necessary by the extreme *roundness* with which the charges had been made. The speech on Austria was one which seemed to me to stretch the theory of irresponsibility to the uttermost. If Mr. Gladstone were an ordinary Member at the time, pouring out his feelings, frankly and plainly, it would be all very well. But the possibility of being a fortnight later in intimate and friendly relations with the Power attacked would, surely, lay a curb on the language to be used. I felt that after it, in its tremendous directness, Mr. Gladstone's attitude as Premier, in dealings with Austria, would become ticklish



in the extreme. He would enter on office in a way that would make communications almost impossible. Of course, if he had been Minister at the moment, the threat would have been conveyed in very different terms : and I do not see how he could so far ignore the possibility of immediate office as to cast off so entirely the checks and guards of office. Was it not just because of this that the acceptance of the explanation from Austria had to be so ‘ *unofficial* ’ in its unmeasured warmth ?

This I did regret : forgive me for saying so : I only do it in order to satisfy some slight prickings of conscience for what I had left unsaid to you. Thank you *exceedingly* for letting me ‘ drop in ’ as you did.

Occasionally Dr. Holland was asked by his correspondent to recommend names for a vacant benefice, strangers who should turn out to be angels. The letters which follow refer to the Vicarage of S. Thomas’, Toxteth Park, Liverpool, which was in Mr. Gladstone’s private gift. The parish had a population of over 10,000, and an income of £350.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD  
[*Winter 1881*].

It is good of you to ask of me angels. I do not know that I have a large assortment now in stock. You want no light French goods, fashioned on the devotional literature of foreign

*dévotés*, but good sturdy Bradford stuff, Yorkshire 'lustres.'

I would suggest two names that Mr. Gladstone knows already. One is — . . .

Then, I am inclined to mention W. Dunkerley of Hoar Cross, a Wesleyan preacher of some mark and position, converted by Woodford<sup>1</sup> at Leeds. He has all the soul-power of earnest Dissent: he knows their language: he is an *excellent* worker-up of a new district, a thorough *Missionary*—he knows what 'Conversion' means. He is great at 'Temperance': he cannot build up the Holy Life quite so well—hence his work is a little done at Hoar Cross, and a move to a big *town* work, which he knows well and *loves*, would be quite right and good. The Meynells speak in the strongest way of his power in drawing men together out of darkness, and in making a Christian assembly exist. He was curate to a cousin of mine, who speaks with the greatest warmth and affection of him. Of course he had better not go into a nest of 'gentlefolk'—he would oppress the mild 'gentleman'—not violently, but still he might. Not that he has anything but pleasant ways, but he would talk more 'religion' than Society approves of, perhaps, etc. But I was assured that he would work upper shopkeepers quite well, as well—of course, as the *poor*.

Mr. Gladstone heard him preach and knows the look of him. King is inclined to suggest —.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Dr. J. R. Woodford, Bishop of Ely 1873-1885, who had been Vicar of Leeds 1868-1873.

<sup>2</sup> A clergyman now living.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD,  
*Autumn* [1881].

I add one word to what I said about —. <sup>1</sup> Perhaps he is more ritualistic than you wanted, and it is useless to say more. But, in case it is not, I would say that Liddon corroborates all that I stated for him, and would mention, moreover, that —, having £14,000 of his own, a little fortune, put the whole of it straight into the Church and built S. —. This may attach him to that church, his child, but the act has a straightforward generosity about it which is heroic. It is just the sort of small fortune which tempts a man to ease, but it went straight, without any holding back, into his church. This may well be known, at least, to you. He has himself kept it quite quiet. I never heard of it. Liddon confirms me warmly about his sermons. His servants always look forward to them, nor do they fail with the richer sort *at all*. My own direct knowledge of him is, I confess, small. I am chiefly reporting others. Forgive me if I have said too much about him.

Perhaps Mr. Gladstone has to consider the feelings of the Northern Bishops, and he would be too severe a shock. Perhaps he may some day want a name for some London work, and then his may be remembered. Stephen, your brother, is here—dining to-night. Probably you know this better than I do. I am so indignant: I

<sup>1</sup> The clergyman mentioned in the previous letter as suggested by Dr. King.

find that Dr. Westcott<sup>1</sup> had been to Youlgrave.<sup>2</sup> Do you know B.-J.<sup>3</sup> was at Birmingham School with Westcott, Benson, and Lightfoot? Dr. Westcott and he had never met until they both got degrees last term.<sup>4</sup>

Mr. Dunkerley was appointed to the living, met with much opposition from the Orangemen, and after four years broke down and was appointed by Mr. Gladstone to the rectory of Sigglesworth, E. Yorks, where he died in 1890 'a man greatly beloved.' His Yorkshire parishioners, knowing nothing of Dr. Holland's letters, had a curious view of the reason of Mr. Gladstone's regard for their rector:

' "D' ye know hoo Measther Doonkerley cam to get livin'?"

' "Nah, Ah duant."

' "Why, it were this waay. Mr. Gladstone heerd 'im preechin' i' street, when he were a Methody, and were so pleasured wi' him that he giv 'im t' livin.'" ' 5

<sup>1</sup> B. F. Westcott, D.D. (1825-1901), then Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge and Canon of Peterborough, later Bishop of Durham.

<sup>2</sup> Near Bakewell in Derbyshire. The church there has stained windows by Sir E. Burne-Jones.

<sup>3</sup> Sir Edward Burne-Jones (1833-1898).

<sup>4</sup> Dr. Westcott and Sir E. Burne-Jones were created Hon. D.C.L. at Oxford at the Encaenia of 1881.

<sup>5</sup> *Old Times and Friends*, by E. L. H. Tew, pp. 140-43, for a delightful sketch of William Dunkerley.

Dr. Holland did not confine his recommendations of 'angels' to men of one way of thinking alone, as this extract shows :

If Mr. Gladstone be, some day, looking about for a good, simple, broadish creature, who would read theology if he had a quietish country place, very thoughtful and interesting, he might ask Lord Blachford about a man (called ——<sup>1</sup>) whom he knows. Forgive me this presumption ; but you asked for angels' names, and —— really is one, wings and all.

The next letter is a scrap in reply to a request for a text to be written in the book of one about to be married.

CHRIST CHURCH, *January 1882.*

Will not this do ?

' Draw out now and bear unto the Governor of the Feast.' The transformed life fit for the lips of God.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD  
[*March 1882*].

What am I to do ? I have unfortunately printed a little volume of Sermons.<sup>2</sup> Now, how can I possibly deny myself the pleasure of sending a copy of them to you who have always been

<sup>1</sup> A clergyman still alive.

<sup>2</sup> *Logic and Life ; with other Sermons.* London, 1882.



to me so kindly, and cheering, and encouraging ? I do not see how it is possible to manage this denial, and yet to send it has a most audacious, and intrusive, and pushing appearance. I must throw myself upon your mercy and discretion, and rely upon your charity to believe that the little book is for *you*, and has no other ambition in coming to you, than a desire to be read by you ; and will gladly rush upstairs on arrival, and hide itself in your private shelves, and not flaunt itself for other eyes on any open drawing-room table, nor seek any admittance to shrines, where Great Ones bide, and ponder, other than that which is given to books that have to fight their way thither, by dint of struggle and survival, from out of the obscure corners where unknown authors creep, and work, and wait.

Such admittance as that, within the Shrine of Study, any one *must* desire for himself ; but I want much to be able to give *you* a little present without using friendship in any way as a useful back door, sparing me the natural squeeze on the big staircase up which the world is pressing and pushing. So please take it kindly and bury it discreetly, and forgive audacity, and be sternly faithful to what is just, and then I shall be so happy to have it to send.

On May 6, 1882, Lord Frederick Cavendish, Chief Secretary for Ireland, nephew by marriage of Mr. Gladstone and one of his most devoted friends and adherents, was murdered in the

Phoenix Park, Dublin ; to that terrible grief the next letter alludes. The reference to the Richter concerts is frequent throughout the letters ; like his correspondent, Dr. Holland was devoted to music.

GAYTON LODGE, WIMBLEDON  
[*May 22, 1882*].

It was delightful to hear from you of the tickets, and to think of the great 22nd. Certainly I shall make life adapt itself to the necessities of Richter.

Nothing shall bar the way. To think that it is almost a year already since that most perfect evening last year ! Do you remember, too, Hugh Pearson,<sup>1</sup> smiling and nodding to us from the glories of the first row of seats ? So much has swept in ; and, indeed, I had thought of you, and longed to know what comfort and strength you had found in those black days of terrible dismay. It has been dark, almost beyond endurance ; I tremble to think what it has been to you and yours. And the bitterness that has mixed in with the trouble ; and the hate, and the parting of friends, and the fever of anxiety, and the storm of passion, so blind, so merciless, and the sharp ingratitude, and the perplexity, it has been most terrible.

But you have had strength, I doubt not ;

<sup>1</sup> 1817-1882 Vicar of Sonning and Canon of Windsor ; the close friend of Dean Stanley, on whose death he had declined Mr. Gladstone's offer of the Deanery of Westminster. He had died on the previous 13th April.



you have felt the supremacy of the high and ardent spirit, which lives most and feels itself most alive then, when mountains are reeling and the earth is stumbling and sundering. You have known the great tides of emotion that swell up round those who suffer and toil—those tides of strong sympathies and affections, which bathe the soul into newness and freshness. You have felt how hearts are stirred, how deep is human love. You have seen the perfect devotion of your widowed cousin,<sup>1</sup> so spirit stirring, so uplifting; and you have had the presence of your father to prove to you how little evil and malice can do to touch a noble life. You will have learned how much there is in man which death cannot stain, nor hurt, nor any grief disfigure, nor any perplexity dismay. For such lessons we can pay any price that is needful; there is no cost which they cannot justify. The hopes of the good, which these horrible murders had won, are dying down from what they were for the first three days after the news; but, still, that good may yet be real and worthy; you may yet be able to feel most earnestly that those deaths were not in vain. I am here for a Sunday. Just hurrying back.

The next letter refers to a sermon which Dr.

<sup>1</sup> Dean Church wrote to his brother, 17th May 1882: 'No Roman or Florentine lady ever said a more heroic thing than what Lady Frederick Cavendish said to Mr. Gladstone the first time she saw him after the news had come: "Uncle William, you did right to send him to Ireland."'—*Life and Letters*, p. 299.

Holland was coming to preach at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks.

[*Summer 1882.*]

I am too tired to make up anything new for to-morrow, and I have been driven to cook up something old; and I now remember, with dismay, that I talked this old thing, most of it, at Hoxton, in the heat of the great election—and that you and Herbert were there; and now, I have nothing else that will do—and I do not mind you at all, because you know the shifts to which we poor parsons are driven; but I shall trust to you to secure that Herbert is not there. Has he not gone a water party at Oxford? or probably he was not dreaming of coming anyhow; if he displays any sudden intention of appearing, will you by guile divert him elsewhere? Forgive this silliness, but it checks the heart so, if one is directly conscious of any one who feels what is said to be stale. Probably, he would not remember a word, but I should think he was remembering.

For us who talk, it is rather a good moral discipline to talk old matter. We are so inclined to be incited by the mere passion of originality, that it is a good corrective to try and throw heart into that which *ought* not to depend, for its fervour, on the mere sense of novelty. The older we grow, the more content we become to say the same things over and over again. It is only the very young who dread doing this so over-

## 32 A FORTY YEARS' FRIENDSHIP

poweringly. But youth still hangs about me distressingly, and I still have the dread.

CHRIST CHURCH [*Summer 1882*].

You have, probably, called me names; for, on looking to an old letter of yours, I suddenly detected that you had asked me to send you the little paper of Wilkinson's<sup>1</sup>—and I have never looked it up; and I half feel that it may not quite explain of itself all that he said of it—and which make it so suggestive, for the helping of Lady Frederick. It shall come anyhow if it can. Yes, here it is. How careful I am! Everything in its place. I own I am immensely astonished; but anyhow, it is found, and just at my elbow too.

I am grieved that I could not say anything of what you wanted on the 6th of May, but it was difficult. Still, you may have been cross with me for refusing so coldly and stupidly. And then, Cambridge! Oh, dear, what a mess! I should have just seen you and Mr. Russell,<sup>2</sup> in the same hurry as last year; yet rushes are nice.

It was disastrous; the good Anson<sup>3</sup> had laboured to get me off a sermon at All Souls; and had secured Sanday; and then, here I was all the day. It could not be helped. There are, after all, such things as duties. I have been

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. G. H. Wilkinson, then Vicar of S. Peter's, Eaton Square, W.S. The title of the paper is not known.

<sup>2</sup> The Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell, then M.P. for Aylesbury.

<sup>3</sup> Sir W. R. Anson, then Warden of All Souls College, Oxford.

immensely amused at the Dean of Windsor.<sup>1</sup> It set me staring and amazed, more than anything that has lately happened; but I expect it may do wonderfully. Only, it is indeed bold. I must stop, the night wears on. Term is a race. Are you not coming down here?

CHRIST CHURCH, 15th Nov. 1882.

The 6th was wildly hopeless. I am so sorry; but full term is tyrannically absolute.

Cambridge was annoyingly short, but very refreshing. Why not bring Miss Graham down here? I have suggested to her how appropriate it would be for 'Jack'<sup>2</sup> to exhibit his old haunts. To-morrow, we all rush up and down again to Arlington Street. The Memorial hangs on Liddon's explanatory speech for its success; and there is much perplexity. Shall you venture in amid the mob of clerics?<sup>3</sup>

Things go nobly up in London, don't they?

The Warden is better, I think, and has exciting communications from 'John Inglesant,' which I have not yet seen.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Randall Thomas Davidson, who had previously been resident chaplain to Archbishops Tait and Benson of Canterbury; later Bishop successively of Rochester and Winchester and Archbishop of Canterbury.

<sup>2</sup> Sir John Francis Fortescue Horner, K.C.V.O., of Mells, Somerset, who married Miss Frances Graham in 1883.

<sup>3</sup> Dr. Liddon recorded in his diary: 'Nov. 16th. At 3 P.M. went to Dr. Pusey Memorial meeting in Arlington Street. The most hearty speeches were Lake's and the Bishop of Ely's.'—*Life*, p. 278. The meeting was held at the London house of the late Marquess of Salisbury.

<sup>4</sup> The letter to Dr. Talbot is printed in the *Life and Letters of J. H. Shorthouse*, i. p. 202-3.

Does Mr. Gladstone read my tutor's second volume of history? It is Whiggish to a degree, but of extraordinary shrewdness.<sup>1</sup> It would be very pleasant if we could chatter ferociously for a little relief. Term needs lifting. Will you not give us a help?

On 12th January 1883, Canon George Howard Wilkinson, then vicar of St. Peter's, Eaton Square, to whom Dr. Holland was greatly attached, received from Mr. Gladstone a letter offering him the see of Truro, vacant by the translation of Dr. Benson to Canterbury: Dr. Holland had been at Hawarden Castle just before.

CHRIST CHURCH [*Jan. 1883*].

It was most wonderfully good of you to write and refresh me with the excellent news. Nothing could delight me more. It is impossible to doubt the good blessing that such a Bishopric would bring with it. I learnt it indirectly. Mrs. Gladstone spoke of a very difficult letter to the Queen which was proceeding; and, after a momentary pause, asked me if I had seen Wilkinson lately. I drew my conclusion. How can we thank your father? But it would be an outrage to offer him extravagant thanks; it would seem as if we had even doubted his pure judgment, his high courage. We cannot thank him for being *himself*. Let me

<sup>1</sup> *A Guide to Modern English History, 1815 to 1835*, by William Johnson Cory, 'the most brilliant Eton scholar of his day.'



try, then, the private task of thanking you for my visit. Though I was sickening fast into a weeping cold, I never loved a visit at Hawarden so much before. It seemed to be full of spirit and delight; and, above all, it culminated for me in my walk to the station with your father. The impression of it still haunts me, and will give me, through all my days, a sense of *dignity* in my life, in its having been once brought into such nearness with his spiritual nobility. It was so wonderful to me that he should be caring to walk and talk with me—to talk with such earnest reference to his inner beliefs and hopes. He spoke, as he so often does now, with the solemnity of one who has his eyes set on an End that is drawn near to him, and from out of the high nearness to which he speaks to us as to those on lower levels of life—whom he fortifies and cheers by good news of the light ahead, and of the unfailing pathway. I felt as if I had received last words from him, as I watched him drive off, and as if I should never want him to say anything more again, so abiding and so worthy would be my memory of him now.

And how good Professor Stuart <sup>1</sup> was! It was delightful to me to be able to fall into such intimacy with him, with his deep-hearted intelligence; and it was most amusing to see him slowly discover the man that lay hid behind the surprising audacities of Mr. Russell. They became finally quite glowing towards each other.

<sup>1</sup> James Stuart, Professor of Applied Science, and Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. M.P. for Hoxton.—See *Some Hawarden Letters*.



Stuart had been so unable, at first sight, to detect an earnest-minded heart to be indeed beating behind that moustache. Altogether, Hawarden was lovely to me.

You will be moving up to the last hours of Miss Graham. I fear you will find them a bit sad. *It is* a call for much courage to face the touch of loneliness. Yet God is known most when we are alone: He makes more direct appeal upon our love; He faces us more frankly. Let them dance and make merry! There is the quiet side-word to us that no one hears—'Child, all that I have is thine: thou art ever with Me.' And the married—they want us. If we wait, they run back; they need something; they come stealing in one by one. We have much to do—and many to love.

I shall hope to hear good news of the Premier. All will go well, I think. Good-bye. With hearty thanks for a delicious visit.

The question of a successor to Bishop Wilkin-son at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, was a serious matter to those who, like Dr. Holland, were aware of the amazing work of which that church had been the centre. In the following letters he makes some contributions to the solution:

24 ONSLOW GARDENS, SOUTH KENSINGTON  
[March 1883].

How delicious was the Symphony! Rich with melody from beginning to end, and full of tone,

and poetical movement. I was delighted to enjoy it so heartily ; and then—just to listen to that orchestra is enough ! I am going to creep into the high-bob gallery at the Albert Hall to-night, to hear again the wicked Serenade. Then—Oxford to-morrow—where the Arthur Lytteltons are.

I saw an ‘ Angel ’ last night, a Mr. —, from some living in Northamptonshire, beautiful, intelligent, thoughtful, charming. I wish I knew more about him. He knows men, I think ; rowed in his boat at Oxford ; then got wholly snared by King.<sup>1</sup> Did you ever hear of him ? I wonder if, after all, it would do for Canon Furse<sup>2</sup> to come up to St. Peter’s ? I used not to think so, when people suggested his name ; but I grow rather inclined to believe it might do. I do not know what Wilkinson has said of him. He is old to begin a big job like that, and he would rouse some of the more respectable and aged Peers into frenzy now and then, by rash, rough utterances. But still there can much be said on his side. I only write in the air. You have probably talked him over long ago, and settled against him.

I gazed from out of a hansom window with speechless admiration on the great Herbert yesterday poised high above a horse in the Row, but he did not see me.

<sup>1</sup> Edward King, D.D. (1829-1910), Principal of Cuddesdon, 1863-1873, and later Bishop of Lincoln, 1885-1910.

<sup>2</sup> Charles Wellington Furse, then Principal of Cuddesdon ; later in this year he became Canon of Westminster and Rector of S. John the Evangelist.

## 38 A FORTY YEARS' FRIENDSHIP

CHRIST CHURCH [*April 1883*].

Is poor St. Peter's still roaming? Why is the most excellent of men not thought of? But, probably, he has been long ago discussed. Yet still I venture to name him—Augustus Legge<sup>1</sup> of Lewisham, once of Sydenham. He married one of St. Peter's most devoted workers—Miss Sackville. He is full of persuasive goodness. He knows London. He knows Eaton Square. He knows exactly what has been doing there. He brings over whole bodies of Dissenters. He is irreproachable. He is a gentleman. He is kindly, pleasant, youngish, yet staid. Not startling, but very sure and true and sound and wise.

GAYTON LODGE, WIMBLEDON  
[*9th April 1883*].

Did you ever see a little scrap-book of Addresses, *Plain Words to Men*, 1s. Mr. A. T. Fryer wrote a little Preface to what we all went and talked in the Mission Time. I will send you a copy, because you might make remarks on what I chattered about 'Doubt.' It was very rough, but it said a great deal of what I hold in my heart. You will see it is a record of a rambling *speech* that was spoken, not written, and corrected from a shorthand report. It is all 'talky.'

I am better—the last few days I have really

<sup>1</sup> The Hon. Augustus Legge, D.D., fifth son of William, 4th Earl of Dartmouth, 1839-1913, Vicar of S. Bartholomew's, Sydenham, 1867-1879. Vicar of Lewisham, 1879-1891. Bishop of Lichfield, 1891-1913.

felt my spirits and my wits re-emerging into existence : it is surprising how they enable one to face life again with audacity : without them, one seems to creep ; *with* them, one almost looks forward to the rough-and-ready skirmishing of intercourse.

I have dropped on an old love here—a delightful old lady who was very good in Florence to me : do you know her ? the old Lady Castletown<sup>1</sup>—she is deliciously clever, and has known everybody, literary or artistic, of the last forty years. She sits with her superb Reynolds, and is full of interest and talk. She has the ‘ Collina ’ and ‘ The Nymph ’—too lovely for words. I will read your book : it kindles by anticipation. What about George Meredith ? I am caught wildly in *Diana of the Crossways*—a study of Mrs. Norton. What a strange, studied, complicated, inward, subtle, mannered, outlandish, intense mind his is ! He hammers laboriously out the most ravishing touches of flying character. He is full of good thought on the Woman Question : he attracts and repels prodigiously. It is very self-willed, self-concentrated sort of work : over-crammed with allusive suggestion of thoughts—but very brilliant in bits. I should like to know what you think of the splendid picture of brimming Woman-Spirit at the end of the first volume. Oh, Mells !<sup>2</sup> give it my best regrets !

<sup>1</sup> Augusta, widow of John, 1st Baron Castletown, whom she married in 1830. She died in 1899.

<sup>2</sup> Mells Park, Somerset, the home of Sir Francis and Lady Horner.

It *would* be fun to be there ! Please say how I should love it to the Queen of Mells. Some day ! Some day ! Good-bye.

MENAI BANK, LLANFAIRFECHAN  
[9 July 1883].

How can I thank you for your good, kind thoughts of me in your letter ? I did feel ' hit ' as Sir Henry<sup>1</sup> was speaking, I own. Life is made so wonderfully easy and bright to me—by the unceasing and bewildering kindness of all about me—that I cannot but feel a twinge when there is talk of sackcloth and ashes, of vinegar and gall. There ought to be more austerity : I know it : even the discipline that is sent, the discipline of fettering ill-health that forbids, at every step, any but the poorest advance in the way that I long, with my real heart, to travel—this discipline which never leaves me a moment free—I can lightly acquiesce in from mere easy-going good humour, which is too ' animal ' to be morally ' precious '—there is nothing I cannot slide through—nothing frets me long, nothing lays a burden of distress, no not even my own failures, and falls. I can slip from moment to moment, unabashed. And no wonder that men miss the needful sackcloth in me, and the necessary ash. But you felt for me ; and you brought

<sup>1</sup> The allusion is either to Sir Henry Wentworth Acland, Bart., M.D. (1815-1900), Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford, or less probably to Sir Henry Thurston Holland, afterwards 1st Viscount Knutsford.

me comfort ; and you knew that, at least, I am not self-deceived by my own light-heartedness but am sharply sensitive to its perilous lackings : and you gave me the good cheer that I do indeed feel greatly how much one wants. Dear me ! if one knew beforehand what would be said after death, of one, how quickened and uprising life would become ! To learn what others looked for in you, what they found, what they missed—this would be an immense and inspiring gain. Thank you so very much. You have drawn me to speak of myself. I could not help it. Your sympathetic message drew it out. There *is* a secret behind the veil of the world, is there not ? A secret home, where it seems natural to speak in the silence, of fastings and scourgings, of ashes, and of mourning. There, in the hidden place, there is no shock, no surprise, at the terrible names. They are known there. Good-bye, with recurring thanks.

MENAI BANK, LLANFAIRFECHAN

[*July 28, 1883*].

. . . I will try to destroy letters, but *one or two* I don't think I can. . . . But they shall retire into the lowest depths of the darkest abyss that my hatbox contains. Thither no plummet has ever sounded. Only, when all the doors are shut, I shall creep, and peep, to see whether they are really there. . . .

'Suez' is a nuisance. Glad as I was to read the stirring words at the end of the P.M.'s speech,



full of force against the evil and base outcries of the Shipowners, yet I still feared the effect of collapse. But Virtue is strong. The lines laid down *must be right*. So perhaps all will be well.

‘Bishop Wilkinson, immediately upon his appointment, made Mr. Holland one of his Examining Chaplains, and it will always be a proud recollection for the western cathedral that for a year or two, until he became Canon of St. Paul’s, Mr. Holland was an Honorary Canon of Truro, occupying the stall of St. Petroc which the Bishop had just vacated. Nor did his service to the diocese end with his tenure of that stall, or even with Wilkinson’s Cornish episcopate. A long succession of Cornish clergymen will remember for life the searching, burning words which he addressed to them in the Advent Ember seasons.’ So Dr. Mason records in his *Memoir of Bishop Wilkinson*,<sup>1</sup> and this extract will explain sufficiently the address from which subsequent letters were written, Kenwyn Vicarage, Truro.

PARK HILL, LLANRWST ROAD  
[August 1, 1883].

I am off to-day from here to Kenwyn Vicarage, Truro, for a month. I shall take possession there

<sup>1</sup> Vol. ii. p. 57.

## THE CANONRY AT TRURO

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of my stall of St. Petroc, for I am an Honorary Canon there—think of that! I really like it very much, for it will make me at home in the Cathedral there, with all Bishop Benson's great ideal of what a Cathedral might do and be; and, then, I am to have my own Bishop's old stall. So I shall feel very proud. In dark hours of the night I have thought with horror of your words about the Warden. I can hardly bring myself to believe it. Is it possible that his whole beard is gone? It is horrible! What will happen? Where was his wife? Can nothing be done? I dare not think of it.

Do you know that I am rather troubled about *A Modern Instance*.<sup>1</sup> I don't like it. At least, I do not feel that anything in it is worth all the nasty unpleasantness. It is a fiendish ending. That roll of fat red neck just seen above the collar in Court, and the complacency of the brute. It is very cleverly worked [out]. A very striking study of the real villainy that can lie in a cheery, slap-you-on-the-back, jolly selfishness as it ceases to be young, and grows fat, and drinks Tivoli beer. But it is too brutal, and it turns her mad love into something almost disgusting; it beats down my sympathy for her. I read on and on, but I was rather glad when it was done with. How vulgar some American life is! How bare socially! I am sending it you back. Will you be indignant at my not liking it more?

<sup>1</sup> By W. D. Howells.

I must hurry to my packing. If I can get at the Swift, I will read it. I had just settled down to a firm belief in the marriage. Is that to be bowled over? Good-bye.

KENWYN, TRURO [*August 15, 1883*].

The Bishops totter on. Poor Peterborough<sup>1</sup> is making a brave fight, but it looks very bad still. He will be a terrible loss as a *public character*, more than in any other way. He is an attractive personality, with gifts that carry him into the select circle of 'individualities.' The Church does not need him so much for herself, but for external purposes. She has so few who can produce a splash *outside* her own peculiar waters. She has many excellent fish of her own, but they produce no ripple over the entire pond. They do not leap at gadding flies, but plod about laboriously after duller food in the under-currents.

I read the *Quarterly* with interest.<sup>2</sup> It is rather an appeal to our belief in Swift's straightforwardness. On the other hand, I do not bring myself to throw over Mrs. Dingle so cavalierly as Craik<sup>3</sup> does. Which do you like to think? that he *was* married or that he wasn't? One may almost pay one's money and take one's choice. It is

<sup>1</sup> Dr. William Connor Magee, Bishop of Peterborough from 1868. He recovered from this illness and lived to be appointed Archbishop of York in 1891. He died six weeks after his enthronement.

<sup>2</sup> *Quarterly Review* for July 1883, which contained an article on Dean Swift in Ireland.

<sup>3</sup> *The Life of Jonathan Swift*, by Henry (afterwards Sir Henry) Craik. London, 1882.

a queer, pathetic story, but, I hope rather that he didn't; only that poor Stella would have had some joy in just being made sure of him—even if it were only that. It would be just a pledge given her of his sincerity. Still it would be braver of her to hold out without it, in perfect faith. It really seems as if with all his intense delight in her companionship, he was never a man who had the full passion of love. Swift comes out well in the book—don't you think? His is a most touching character, so strong and so charming, at his best, with his faults so intelligible, and with a certain high-mindedness which is ennobling. Why does Thackeray make him so coarse and base in *Esmond*? He was tyrannical over his ladies, no doubt, with a fascinating tyranny, very amusing and delightful. But, perhaps, I have got, from my enjoyment of that delicious Stella journal, to judging him too gently.

I wanted to write about a lot more things, but my little cousin is at the Wilkinsons, expecting me to take her about. And the London post goes. I will write again. This is a beautiful, windy place—on high, rolling uplands, full of great thoughts.

KENWYN, TRURO [*August 24, 1883*].

The *Q. R.* has sailed off to you at last! How bad of me! How base! How ungrateful! How barbaric! All I can plead is that, yesterday I carried it from 3 to 7 o'clock, all the way by

train to Falmouth, all the way round Pendennis Castle, and all the way back by steamer up Falmouth Water, in a boat crammed like a sardine box, and where I stood holding on to the funnel, and the awning, amid the scent and heat of the boilers, and all to find some post-box with a mouth large enough to receive it ! So I have really done a penitential Exercise for it, and you must forgive. Thank you much for it. Stella's life sacrifice is certainly one of the purest and most pathetic stories in literature, and leaves a wonderful flavour behind it of charm and gentleness, and loyalty.

I have read *A Chance Acquaintance*<sup>1</sup> lately—with a good deal of interest. I remember your telling me of the very clever contrast between his physical courage with the dog, and his moral cowardice with the Boston ladies. It is very well done, indeed, and it capitally suggests the Bostonian all through, with his aggravating effect of making you feel your eagerness and enjoyment to be vulgar, by the side of a reserve and an elegance which you dislike, despise, ridicule, and yet cannot get rid of the feeling that *you* are the ridiculous and contemptible element all along. The *repression* that can be exercised on others by an atmosphere, a *tone*, a mere presence, is admirably sustained. Still, I thought that the book ran the absence of interest and story almost to its last legs. It was so prolonged, the casual, uneventful interest, that I

<sup>1</sup> By W. D. Howells.



almost caved in several times, and began to recognise that there is something to be said for a bigamy with six murders, and five separate forgeries, after all.

Did we ever talk over your *But Yet a Woman*?<sup>1</sup> I took some time to feel the power of it, but I did, certainly, as it unwound. It was so delightful to find that instead of the stupid old plot of a dear girl drawn out of a Convent life by the persuasion of happy, homely love, the interest was really to turn on exactly the contrary process, of a brilliant, fascinating widow drawn out of the world by the sacrifice of human love, into Convent peace. Stephanie is the heroine, of course, and so I conclude that she is the person who yet is a woman. How, I am not quite certain. I suppose (is it?) the stress is laid on all the mingled feelings that have carried her through her sacrifice into its noble consummation. She is a living, breathing sacrifice, and something is lost, after all, in the doing of it. There is much that really is a loss—a lose. The power of her ultimate benediction in the last page lies, perhaps, in what, as a woman, she has actually *missed*, and is damaged through missing. The language is almost absurd, it is quite unintelligible to any one.

The deanery of Exeter had become vacant by the death of Dr. Archibald Boyd on the previous 11th July. It was ultimately filled by Dr. B. M.

<sup>1</sup> By A. S. Hardy.



Cowie, transferred from the deanery of Manchester. The delay in making the appointment suggested this letter :

KENWYN, TRURO [*August 30, 1883*].

I am not writing again : nor am I at Kenwyn—but at Cornwood,<sup>1</sup> where, also, is the Dean of St. Paul's<sup>2</sup> and Frank Paget.

But I send you one rapid word before it be too late. Your father is in excellent health—and his Government is through all its perils and is stronger than ever. *Now is the time.* He must move Stubbs<sup>3</sup> or somebody to Exeter, and appoint himself Canon of St. Paul's. It would be a lovely way of retirement : so far better than the scandalous House of Lords. St. Ambrose was ordained Deacon, Priest, Bishop in one day. There is the obvious precedent. It would be most beautiful, and he would be noble under the Dome. Then, if all went well, he must succeed to the Bishopric of London. It is too late for the Chair of Canterbury.

The Dean would earnestly press this, I feel sure, if I were to consult him, and your father is bound to trust the Dean's advice.

The only problem is—who is to move the Queen in the business ? Could the P.M. strike a bargain with Lord Hartington, before withdrawing ? And suppose Lord Hartington played false and

<sup>1</sup> The home of Lord Blachford in Devon.

<sup>2</sup> Dean Church.

<sup>3</sup> William Stubbs, D.D. (1825-1901) ; then Canon of St. Paul's, later Bishop of Chester, and of Oxford,

appointed Willy Fremantle ? <sup>1</sup> That would be dreadful. Your father would be driven to joining the Fourth Party, and, hand in hand with Lord Randolph, taking a terrible revenge.

But it might be risked : or let him lay his own name before Her Gracious Majesty. It would have an immense effect. Would not he thoroughly enjoy it ? The more you think of it, the more fascinating it becomes. Pray urge it strongly.

. . . Think of my enthralling scheme. It would be such fun ! Think of *The Times* article on the morning of the appointment !

On 8th September Mr. Gladstone, 'under the auspices of Sir Donald Currie,' as he wrote to Queen Victoria, started for a holiday on the *Pembroke Castle*. Lord Tennyson formed one of the party, and the story of the cruise, with an amusing 'glimpse of Court punctilio,' is told in Lord Morley's *Life*.<sup>2</sup> The next letter is in reply to an invitation to join the party :

KENWYN, TRURO [September 3, 1883].

I *was* so amused at your envelope ! I think it must have startled the quiet shades of Cornwood.

'Immediate' looked so tremendous. I in the meantime had fled : and had left the Dean (who

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. the Hon. W. H. Fremantle, Canon of Canterbury ; later Dean of Ripon.

<sup>2</sup> *Life of Gladstone*, ii. p. 355-358.

would have been greatly startled at having my letter put into his care). He was staying at Lord Blachford's—I was in the Rectory—a delicious, heavenly place—sunk in wonderful woods, and filled with the sweet noises of running brooks.

Oh!—and the voyage! How *can* I? I am pledged here to the Bishop—to wait for my 'Installation' as Canon, next Saturday. Don't laugh: it has been a matter of three weeks' incessant arrangement to pull it off. The entire diocese had to be considered, consulted, pleased. I have given up a whole week with my mother for it. So I *must* stop. All the Canons come together for it—and walk about, and pray, and hold Chapters, and otherwise stand on their heads to prove their sympathy.

And the ship!—I know those ships! The huger they are, the more awful the long, uplifting heave—the more hideous the slow, sinking subsidence into the unending abyss. How could I hang on the lips of the P.M. while my whole physical self was itself hung, in dreadful suspense, on the edge of each hanging wave? The throbs of admiration that ought to shake me would only intermingle with the groan that would follow each throb of the groaning screw. I turn entirely green, too, on these occasions, which makes one an unpleasant companion; it assumes a more or less livid hue according to the weather. So I must thank you heartily. It would have been 'immense fun,' as you say: if only it had been on dry land! Why *do* these ships go to

sea ? They are such fascinating things in themselves—so bright, and clean, and gay. They spoil it all by going on the water. So it is always in life—that the best things have some queer twist in them, and get perverted.

It was very good indeed of you to think of getting me. It did really stir me—as I read it. I would I could enjoy such things !

The note which follows introduces to Mr. Gladstone the two addresses in preparation for the Holy Communion delivered by T. H. Green (1836-1882) to his pupils at Balliol in 1870 and 1877 ; they were privately printed, with an unfinished preface by Arnold Toynbee, in 1883. They were afterwards published in vol. iii. of T. H. Green's *Works*.

TYN Y BRYN, BETTWS Y COED,  
*Sunday* [Sept. 30, 1883].

I only write a word—to send with a little book, which I thought your father would read. It would represent what would be the mind of Professor Green and Toynbee—on spiritual matters—and would show the deep religiosity abroad. I own that Green stood alone in the depth of his religious spirit, and that few could now be said to represent him.

Still it is most remarkable that such things should have been said to young men in Oxford by a College Lay-Tutor. I think he will be

greatly struck by them. How nice it was to have just run in and out of Hawarden! I came away with only one great regret, besides the regret of leaving—and that was, that I had not begged for more music from you. That shall be another day! Anyhow we talked of men, and things, and women. And it was good to have talked even that much.

This letter is written from the Church Congress held at Reading from 2nd-5th October 1883. Dr. Holland gave a noble address on 'Purity' at the meeting on October 3rd (it is printed on pp. 194-196 of the official *Report*, from which it should certainly be rescued), at which papers were read by Dr. Ridding, then headmaster of Winchester, and the Rev. the Hon. A. T. Lyttelton, Master of Selwyn, and others.

INGLESIDE, READING, Oct. 5, 1883.

. . . It has been most pleasant and comforting to me just to have not been without the *sense* of intercourse and home familiarity; and in some ways it expresses this more vividly, to be allowed to drop in and out at Hawarden; it takes it out of the region of a 'visit.' It is more home-like. And thank you so much for your most kind and sweet warnings: I really live quite gently, I think. Certainly this year I have, on the whole, managed better than I have done for a long time in keeping clear of smashes. It was *most* unlucky

that my only smash of the summer should have followed Southport, and so beclouded Hawarden. It really was the first time that I had let myself get overdone.

Here, I have tumbled absolutely down into a perfect screamer of a cold. I wept and blubbered all yesterday—shutting myself entirely up, and going to no meeting at all. Last night I got myself up, by dint of hot-coddles of gruel and rum, and four coats and a pair of socks, in bed, into a roaring fever, and am better this morning, and suppose that I shall manage to preach this evening, which I have got to do, in a little church here. But I can hardly think or speak yet.

It was rather a bad sermon I wrote in your room, and was wholly illegible, I fear. Thank you for liking the Cuddesdon words; that was such a lovely, happy day, so full of sunlight, and affection and glow, that I like to think of it.

Professor Flower and Aubrey Moore<sup>1</sup> seem to have been *most* excellent in the scientific discussion. I wonder if Mr. Gladstone would read Aubrey Moore: he is printed whole in the *Guardian* this week.

Saint Robert Moberley broke out to me after Dr. Ridding's paper on 'Purity,' brimming with his peculiar fitness for Durham. The paper gave me great confidence in him; it was first-rate,

<sup>1</sup> Sir William Henry Flower (1831-1899), F.R.S., etc., President of the Zoological Society, read the first paper at the discussion on 'Recent Advances in Natural Science in their Relation to the Christian Faith.' The Rev. Aubrey L. Moore (1848-1890), then Tutor of Keble College, read the third paper on the same subject.



and 'took' amazingly. He might become another Benson, if caught up, as Benson was, just at the right moment. He would suit the Bishop admirably. He would grow visibly. And, do you know, he used to say, in joke, that it was the *one* ecclesiastical post he would like, and certainly take? He went over the house last year, and took to the place.<sup>1</sup>

GAYTON LODGE, WIMBLEDON,  
In the Old Year [*Dec. 29, 1883*].

. . . It is pleasant, too, to write on the day on which you are all rejoicing so gladly over the great Birthday<sup>2</sup>—and the wonderful vigour still so richly and grandly supplied out of inexhaustible stores. It is a time of out-poured thanksgivings.

What can ever be said of all I long to talk about,—*Natural Law*?<sup>3</sup> It seems to me a most fruitful and masterly bit of work: it could easily be broadened where it looks as if it took a Calvinistic rigidity. It is rather suggestive than decisive on many points: but its remarkable importance lies in its suddenly, and almost alone, bringing out the most modern discovery in the direction not of conciliating expansiveness, but of austere dogmatism. That Science should be

<sup>1</sup> It was understood that the Dean of Durham, Dr. Lake, was about to resign his office, which he had held since 1869. Dr. Lake, however, remained Dean until he resigned in the autumn of 1894.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Gladstone was born on 29th December 1809.

<sup>3</sup> *The Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, published in 1883, by Henry Drummond (1851-1897), a Presbyterian. It proved extremely popular; within five years seventy thousand copies were sold.

found to work, not for spiritual breadth of view, but for strict and exacting dogma—that will startle, I expect. Yet it is so true—as Butler says. Nature, thoroughly accepted, is a very severe disciplinarian, a very imperious and authoritative and systematic mistress.

But it is impossible to write—only just to say that I have enjoyed the book *deeply*: it has gone very much home, and is, in most ways, eminently acceptable.

The next letter, undated, belongs to this period.

An angel, marrying a still higher angel, is wandering about in the shape of —.<sup>1</sup> But he has no money at all. His wife seems by all accounts to be absolutely all that a man can dream of. I should think he was a very good person to remember, if anything was wanting a man.

<sup>1</sup> A clergyman now living.

## CHAPTER II

1884-1885

St. Paul's—The Scurry of Life—Debate on Gordon—Bishops and the Franchise—Another Hawarden Visit—The New Midlothian Campaign—Lewis Carroll—Dr. Butler's Death—'Mending or Ending'—The Lincoln Vacancy—Death of Gordon—Dr. Temple's Election—The Lyttelton Wedding—Defeat of the Government—The Alps.

ON February 7, 1884, Dr. Stubbs, Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford and Canon of St. Paul's, was offered by Mr. Gladstone the see of Chester. Three days later he accepted it, and the vacant stall at St. Paul's was offered by Mr. Gladstone to Dr. Holland. His letter to Mr. Gladstone (which belongs to his biography rather than to this correspondence), accepting the offer with some misgiving and doubt of his fitness, was written on 19th February.

CHRIST CHURCH, *Feb.* 21, 1884.

You did indeed behave with such perfect diplomacy that I came to the conclusion that nothing was going on. But how good, and kind, and blessed to me are your words of cheer and joy! I know nothing so helpful as being rejoiced over. That poor sheep, the 100th, must have

felt it so delicious, when all the neighbours came round and really were delighted at its being found.

It warms : and feeds : and succours : and expands.

I have got such heaps, I cannot write. Only I must just send one word to you, of affectionate thanks—for your pleasure in it—and of a petition for your prayers.

CHRIST CHURCH, *Feb.* 28, 1884.

I do chatter on March 16th—at 3, as you suppose—the Dean is in the morning. So go to Cambridge ! you had much better. It will be the end of term—and I shall be a wreck, with masts all gone by the board, and nothing but the last rag of a top-storm jibboom flying.

That dreadful place, too ! It will be so absurd, with James the Second holding a baby in the pew, and a housemaid flying up in an apotheosis in the ceiling.<sup>1</sup>

I hate it—it is empty of all spiritual benefit to any one. It is a puppet-show—a zoological-garden.

That beautiful St. Paul's ! I went up to a great rushing and roaring service on Monday night, splendid with music and light. It was wonderful to feel the first touch of 'home' about it—and to think that one would be no interloper—or mere spectator—or accident—or casual performer, hired by the night, but a real 'belonging,'

<sup>1</sup> Chapel Royal, Whitehall.

as good and real as a verger. The old Dome looked to me quite motherly : and I should like to have got up and kissed it : only I could not find its face : it got shy and kept turning it away.

Most noble and lovely home ! I shall love to go in and out, and listen, and watch. How to be at all worthy of it ? Alas ! God knows ! Only I have learned in the last week, the wonderful kindness of human hearts who pour out love and hope—and I am too tired and hurried even to consider or to estimate all that is given me : and I long to run away into a corner, with all the letters that have reached me, and just make out quietly whether they really mean what they say, and if they do, how *hopeless* a scamp am I, to jog on so unconcerned while all this marvellous gift of affectionate good wishes is being poured over me.

GAYTON LODGE, WIMBLEDON,  
*April 18, 1884.*

I dare not. Nothing could more tempt me : so you can measure by the size of the temptation the invincible character of the reasons militant.

It would be such fun ! We could chatter endlessly over Mells : and the Linklaters—and the Country : and the Cows : and of the fusion of Burne-Jones, and the Somerset-smocks—and of everything else that was wonderful. And I should like to see you with Mrs. Horner : and this would only be parallel to my joy in seeing Mrs. Horner with you.

Oh—why is life such a wild hurry-scurry ! It always seems to be tearing past—and throwing away all its happiest chances as it goes ! It is no use to regret. Just now I am crammed with little occupations, which already lie heavy on my soul : and I dare not think how they will all be done—and little engagements slip in—just too little to be enticing, just too large to be thrown over. It is annoying—but it serves one right to be annoyed ; for I have not been half enough annoyed by life yet. So it is perfectly right.

Will you tell Mrs. Horner that I really did wish to come with all my heart, and that nothing but the odious inheritance from our degraded forefathers of a scrupulous conscience stops me from coming. If only I could kill out this miserable deposit, which they have passed down to me with the gout, all would be well. But it takes time to uproot it. A year or two hence, I trust to be able to come whenever she will invite me—if only I can successfully continue my present line of treatment with this distressing moral impediment.

Dear friend, I *do* so thank you for your good words to me ! Such words help me more than all else. My heart wants these, in order to sustain its belief in what I have to do. Otherwise, the whole thing passes off into silence, and it seems an empty task to go on talking in the air.

I wonder if one ought to learn about using one's voice better, and whether experience will be sufficient to teach ? It would be so odious,



to *learn*—unless it were singing. A singing lesson would really teach all that ought to be known about use of voice, don't you think? Would it be all right if I toned down—or simply yelled less? Good-bye. . . . The '*Miss W.*' has come. I have begun : with joy.

GAYTON LODGE, WIMBLEDON

[*April 21, 1884.*]

Thank you so much. I cannot but come : though we have been rather startled by the sudden death of an uncle—a very old, good man—whose funeral is to-morrow.

But Richter cannot be wrong, I think? I hope not—though I feel a little wicked. It is too late to repent, I fear. So I will appear at 7, if I may—stealing in softly.

The next letter refers to an incident in the unhappy story of the dealings of the Government with Egypt and the Soudan. A vote of censure was moved in the House of Commons on 12th May by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach : Mr. Gladstone in reply said that General Gordon had never asked for soldiers, and had started on the understanding that there was to be no invasion of the Mahdi's territory. The motion was lost by a majority of 28.

THE DEANERY, ST. PAUL'S

[*May 16, 1884.*]

It already seems years since the horrible nightmare of your letter on the eve of the vote.

I was greatly touched by your writing it to me in your distress.

It sent us (*i.e.* F. Church<sup>1</sup>) into profound gloom and misery, and made the morning's majority take the form of a huge relief.

I shall keep the letter, may I? as a piece of treasured history of how he felt and thought at that critical moment.

Much as the speech had moved us that evening, and magnificent as was its debating-power, with its dramatic inspiration—I could understand the great disappointment of followers at obtaining nothing on which to stand. No new step, of course, was taken by the speech. It was a wonderful bit of pleading for the impossibility of taking a step just now: which, however true, would still be disheartening and distressful. I longed to be able to say—‘He is going to *do this*: he has a plan, a proposal, which may assist things.’ Is it not natural to desire this, in order to face the passionate anxiety for Gordon?

Apart from my general elation at the crumpling up of Sir Michael—I *did* feel the sinking of an expectation when the P.M. sat down. I was still agog for more, and could hardly believe he had ended.

But oh! the thanks that he stands!

How good of you about Richter! I dare not trust myself to more than one—but might I really come on the 26th? If that *quite fits* I will keep

<sup>1</sup> Frederick Church, a scholar of great promise, the only son of the Dean, who died at Hyères, January 1888.

it open. But I *must* not next Thursday. Would you come to tea here? If, by any chance, you happen to hang about the fringe of the Dome Sunday? Do.

THE DEANERY, ST. PAUL'S,  
May 17, 1884.

Thank you for what you tell me: I am going to roar as gently as a sucking dove for the future: and the folk in the Nave shall slumber in peace, and study the monuments, and never stir uneasily in their sleep.

And I do so feel what you say about Tea!

Only I find it inevitable—and I don't know how to help it. I cling to *males* as a refuge: and this is fairly sufficient for safety.

But I thought, if you were there, it seemed monstrous to send you away tea-less. But you greatly comfort me.

I am hoping to see the John Talbots to tea on Monday—girls and boys and parents. Would you come?

And Richter. It is terrific the temptation: I shall have to shirk the week after, if I go to this.

THE DEANERY, ST. PAUL'S,  
May 23, 1884.

Here is a letter from —. I only know that — is a very rough, miserable, hard-looking town! and that he has worked it for years *excellently*. I should think he would do admirably. I gather that the only point Lady — has against him is that he has not quite the '*style*' to take



SKETCH BY DR. HOLLAND ON THE BACK OF  
A LETTER TO MRS. DREW



what she considers a very important *County* position, as Vicar of —. The Bishop is eager to promote him. He is not a Ritualist at all, but has a good Service.

He is a strong, vigorous, bearded creature, as far as I remember. . . .

— is a pure angel—and his wife is said to be better still; but I doubt a rough parish for him. Cultivated gentlefolk would love him.

An article by Dr. Holland's correspondent, on *The Princess Alice's Letters*, had appeared in the June number of the *Contemporary Review*: in the following letter he bewails himself for having failed to criticise it. His correspondent, it should be explained, was by their mutual agreement regarded as holding towards him the position of a Deceased Wife's Sister.

CHRIST CHURCH, *June 20, 1884.*

I *must*, I will, say something—in spite of your inhibitions. How can I rest under your attack?

I could not well rest even if it were unjust: and how if it be just? And it *is* just!

I *do* feel so hopelessly condemned! condemned because I have failed in the very *rudiments* of friendship: I have failed to do just those things which a friendship exists in order to make delightful.

I know how I value them, and I have selfishly and brutally let the thief Time carry me away in his beggarly arms—and have raised no protest,



nor violently broken from his hold. I am utterly condemned : I condemn myself wholly, and I cannot redeem it ; as you say, it would be an insult to say, *now*, anything about your article.

One thing only is left me, besides a heartfelt penitence, and that is to clamour ferociously against your insinuations, justifiable as they are. I am most wickedly idle and selfish, in failing my best friend ; and, for all that, it is my best friend whom I fail.

Yet I would rather my guilt should be deepened than that I should lose hold on my possession, and be stripped of that delightful inner intimacy which we call by the name of the D.W.S. Please believe it—by sheer violence of *faith*—though all rational proof fail. It is true—and I sit, owning it in the Dust and Ashes that belong to such a Confession. There is, really, only one D.W.S. !

CHRIST CHURCH, *June 28, 1884.*

How good of you to think of my troubles ! How wicked I am not to give you these kind touches of remembrance which I myself cling to so tightly, and yet forget to give.

And how could I think that, apart from friendship, you really cared so much to get a judgment from me on your work ? I really did not believe that you would so earnestly desire this ; or would think that I was haughtily passing hidden and awful bans upon it. I was so *humbled* to discover this, and so ashamed beyond words at my criminal silence.

For, indeed, no such harsh judgment was at all building up its secret condemnation. I had read the Review through rather rapidly, with great delight; my crime lay, not in nursing secret wrath, but in reading it late in the day, and then, as always, postponing the day I had intended of steady and watchful re-reading. So, there, for my sins—and now for the truth.

First, I should think that every one would feel it to be ‘winsome’—it is very winning: it *confides*: it is unreserved: it looks for sympathy: it is very full of heart: it counts on *feelings*. This gives a very gracious and engaging *touch* to it all. It disarms: it *makes friends*. I feel this very much about it; and it is, surely, a very good point, in writing, to be able to let the words *speak* so readily, and warmly, and engagingly. On the *critical* side, I should say that it was too ‘jotty.’ You will say, you meant it to be this—to be fragmentary. Still the moment a thing is *printed*, it invites consideration for itself as a work of art: and I *do* think, it is too *diary-like* to be quite right. And I feel this especially about the *best* things in it. There are some very beautiful reflections—full of tenderness, and brightly and successfully touched, and thrown out: they are quite noticeable, and were to *me*, privately, a great joy to read.

But they drop out too disjointedly to take effect; too much like notes in a private diary—too *detached*, too sudden: they are too valuable for this; they are good enough to require placing

and considering, and leading up to, and dwelling upon. They *lose*, by seeming *too much* for their context. The exact bits of Princess Alice to which they are attached are too *light* to carry them off. They *overburden* her little pretty bits of letter-writing: they would have *done*, if they had been led up to at the close of the whole. I feel this a little about the 'Mr. I.' passage: it enters without being introduced: we feel only on bowing acquaintance; yet it comes up confidentially, and thrusts its arm in ours, and walks us off as if we had been bosom friends with it all our lives. This is a shock to one's sense of general propriety. We feel a little stiff and upright, while it is familiarly clapping us upon the back.

Now, there! Have I not been brutal?

But you will love the truth—and it *is* the truth: and you, probably, knew it all long ago much better than I do. It is all a matter of artifice—this sorting of material; and can come directly with habit—and now you are one of 'our authors,' you have been in Arcady. We shall watch the formation of your style; and Mat. Arnold will classify its chief characteristics. I am struggling through my Schools, and rush to beloved Bettws on Wednesday—for a month.

Good-bye—now. You must be triumphing over Egypt. How splendidly you kept your secret! We all looked for some abject surrender to France—until the last moment. It was magnificently managed: and has gained the Government wonderful ground. Nor do I use

‘management’ unkindly—but *really*. I send you a touching line from G. R.<sup>1</sup> Good-night. I plunge into the abyss of papers.

CHRIST CHURCH [July 1, 1884].

Your letter sent quite a throb through me ! I had a sense of delicious joy, the joy of that historic Drag.<sup>2</sup> And yet I was fast bound in misery and Schools—and could not possibly be there. I *feel* the presence of everybody on that Drag—the well-known forms—the familiar voices. I *should* have liked it. And the triumph ! There must have been some ecstatic moments.

The Representation of the People (Franchise) Bill, introduced by the Prime Minister on 28th February, was the great political topic of 1884 ; it passed the House of Commons on June 26th, but it was immediately rejected by the House of Lords on 8th July, though Archbishop Benson of Canterbury (a Conservative), with ten other Bishops, voted with the Government.

PARK HILL, LLANRWST, N. WALES  
[July 10, 1884].

I watched the political crisis with a personal sense of its bearings upon the probability of my getting to Hawarden. The truth is—we end here on the 4th or 5th of August : and between that

<sup>1</sup> The Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell, whose mother had died on June 19, 1884.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Balfour’s coach at the Oxford and Cambridge match at Lord’s.

and the 20th I go to Glenalmond, Perth, N.B., on my direct way to Kenwyn, Truro. So that I do propose to leave Wales on the 5th unless better advised.

I am here, with a Reading Party—delicious, ecstatic : and the Hills and Waters are unfailing in their exquisite grace. I know every touch of the outlines, and every curve of the streams now ; and all I know, I love. How peaceful the old, grey hills slumber, without debate, without divisions, without any crisis : and you ? You must have been in rough waters. It made me very angry, and very sick, to read of the miserable turmoil of the Commons ; and to think of what your father has to endure, in this roaring, screaming, cruel, ugly, bitter, base, dirty rough-and-tumble. And Randolph is really not so distressing as those aged, old miseries on the Front Bench, who join in his howls, and do not have the face to apologise. Was it a very nasty hour ? Has Lord Randolph lost his head ? Have the Commons any principle, or any dignity left ?

Your position is triumphant : nothing can shake it. And, oh ! I am *delighted* with the Bishops. It is a real epoch-making lift. How did the Archbishop do it ? Was it good ? It read a little general, and I understood Lord Salisbury being provoked. Still, the act itself was a victory. It is an immense comfort. Was your father pleased ? The note struck by the Archbishop was quite a novel one for bishops to sound.

That poor old Clergyman at Grindelwald !



Will he despair more profoundly than ever? The Warden<sup>1</sup> as a roaring Revolutionist, red with the horrid glare of a Socialistic Jacquerie, is a most comfortable and refreshing thought. By the bye, I was delighted to find King<sup>2</sup> was for the Franchise on the ground that a Vote is the right preparation for entering the Kingdom of Heaven. This argument was not used, I noticed, in either House.

How noble you were about Body!<sup>3</sup> Did I ever thank you? I was brimmed with joy. It was a great coup.

Would you, if you see some favourable hour, any day on ahead, complete your victory by trying whether the P.M. would throw his eye over Dodgson's<sup>4</sup> enclosed scheme? He is very anxious to think that it has been seen and estimated.

But I fear your father will only laugh. You will see. I will ask you for no more tasks after this. Good-bye. I hope we may yet meet.

PARK HILL, LLANRWST,  
July 20, 1884.

I long to know how all goes along with you in

<sup>1</sup> Throughout these letters until 1889 'the Warden' is the invariable description of Dr. E. S. Talbot, Warden of Keble, subsequently Bishop of Rochester, Southwark, and (now) Winchester, who had married Lavinia, daughter of 4th Lord Lyttelton. Dr. and Mrs. Talbot are also punningly referred to as 'the Ed-Wardens.'

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Edward King, later Bishop of Lincoln.

<sup>3</sup> The Rev. George Body, D.D., appointed Canon of Durham by Bishop Lightfoot in 1883.

<sup>4</sup> The Rev. C. L. Dodgson, Student of Christ Church (1832-1898), better known as Lewis Carroll, author of *Alice in Wonderland*. He published in this year *The Principles of Parliamentary Representation*.



this hot battle of the Beasts. There must have been some ugly work: yet, on the whole, I expect that you feel things to be moving in the way they should go. It was ridiculous, the fuss over Lord Salisbury's metaphor: it was so obvious, as your father said, that the metaphor (whether of rope round the neck, or pistol at the head) was an excellent and valid metaphor, of which Lord Salisbury ought to have been proud.<sup>1</sup> As a fact, it put the case as well as it could be put. There is this on the side of Lords—that with a Franchise Bill passed, they would discuss Redistribution under pressure: they would be bound to pass it, in some shape; and they *might* find themselves more or less trapped by a perilous alternative. The metaphor brought this out vividly: and it seems to me the only point in their case that stands. But then, *against it*, lie two arguments. (1) That it was *impossible* to help it. For it is undeniable that only one Bill could conceivably be passed at a time, and, if so, the one Bill that comes first is inevitably the Franchise Bill.

(2) The Peers would have *one* appeal to the *Old* Constituencies, if they threw out the Redistribution Bill. They would throw it out next year,

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Gladstone, in a speech to his followers at the Foreign Office on 10th July, had said that, during the debate on the Bill in the House of Lords, Lord Granville had privately offered a compromise by which the Government would be bound to deal with Redistribution in the next year, but that Lord Salisbury declined to negotiate 'with a rope round his neck.' Next day Lord Salisbury protested against this speech 'as misleading and a betrayal of confidence.'—H. Paul, *History of Modern England*, iv. p. 330.

and the appeal would then be to the Constituencies as they stand. Government could not 'shuffle off' going to the Country until after January 1886.

Forgive this political effusion : it will look to you very stale and old : in Wales one thinks very slowly.

Did I ever write to you about *The Minister's Wooing* ? I cannot remember. I see a new novel of Besant's praised immensely by the *Spectator*. I rather desire to read *Euphorion*—wicked, but nice—is it ? I am sunk here in a bout of high philosophy, long neglected. Did I tell you, the dear Christ Church boys gave me fifty guineas to buy books with ? It is great fun spending money.

I have not read MacColl<sup>1</sup> on the Princess. Does he go to Ripon ? I shall be so glad.

PARK HILL, LLANRWST, N. WALES  
[July 30, 1884].

I have been wondering why Mr. MacColl should want —. It is most magnificent of your father to help like that. It is essential that the poor little man should be released from the living. I a little laugh to think what a round small bomb he will be in quiet, Evangelical Ripon.

And dear 'Uncle Billy !'<sup>2</sup> I just knew enough

<sup>1</sup> Malcolm MacColl, D.D. (1831-1907), appointed to a Canonry at Ripon by the Government, the See being then vacant, in July 1884. He was Rector of St. George's, Botolph Lane, E.C., from 1871 until 1901.

<sup>2</sup> The Rev. the Hon. William Lyttelton (1820-1884), Rector of Hayley from 1847 and Canon of Gloucester, 1880-1884. There is a

to have most refreshing memories of his cheery roar: and to feel how much duller and flatter the world would be without him, to those who had had their ears filled, from long ago, with the jolly sound of that good-hearted voice. He was charged to the brim with the vigorous Lyttelton character, which is like nothing else in the whole wide earth. Poor thing, it is merciful, is it not? To think that he is free from all horrors of pain. How fast the older generation are passing from us! and the young things come crowding on, layer upon layer, and lots more still behind. The world gets terribly cold, as the layers *above* one get thinner and thinner, and one is driven up and up by the pressing crowds below. You had that happy time with Uncle Billy, when you saw the Princess Alice so much?

Lord Salisbury is quite wild—on the Prime Minister. It is the strangest madness. But the Lords will get a lot of backing, don't you think? They can count on more favour than they could twenty years ago. They can afford to appeal for popular support with some confidence. We shall have to wait for Midlothian to do a great deal.

RUNFOLD LODGE, FARNHAM,  
August 22, 1884.

This is only going to be a brief message of many

delightful notice of him in the *Life of Alfred Lyttelton* (1917), pp. 10-14, which exactly corroborates the little sketch in a Memoir by Lady Frederick Cavendish prefixed to his own *The Life of Man after Death*.

thanks—enclosing you Stuart's <sup>1</sup> fine letter : and another which will amuse you ; I was entirely puzzled by ' Lily's ' overwhelming affection, until I realised from the reference to the High School, that it was all intended for my cousin Frank,<sup>2</sup> of Canterbury.

Stuart, I must leave : I will write about it at leisure : I should like it : just now I am in a racket. It is most serious, and thrilling. I should like to think over it. Thank you for letting me see it. I perfectly understood. How can I say how delicious Hawarden was to me ? Never at all has it meant so much : or been quite so acceptive of me into its homiest circle, or been so full of affection, and ease : nor ever did it look quite so lovely : nor ever did your father seem more noble, or more sprightly, or more brimming, or more strong, or more tender. It was a visit of visits : I was as happy as I could be, and we talked even more abundantly than ever ; and yet we seemed as far as ever from coming to an end, or seeing any other necessary limit except the recurrence of the normal meals. I shall cherish its pleasant memories for ever.

I found a bed in college : dined at the Mitre : slept very little ; and got rather prostrate, but did all that I wanted, saw my new papers, and now am in such a lovely little house my mother has found, with verandahs all hung with flowers,

<sup>1</sup> Professor James Stuart, M.P. for Hoxton, often referred to in these letters as ' Black James.'

<sup>2</sup> Francis James Holland, Canon of Canterbury, 1882-1907.

and aviaries with wonderful parrots, and thirteen fallow deer that eat [out] of our hands, and a delicious collie dog, and two sea-gulls who go about walking to see if they can find the Land's End, from which they came. It is all very pretty, and I have been galloping about all the morning on my brother's horse after a sham-fight, and am off now to tea at the barracks and a polo match, so I am gay.

To-morrow, to Kenwyn—Truro, and the dear Bishop. Good-bye—with all kinds of thanks to you all.

When Parliament had risen Mr. Gladstone undertook a round of speeches and meetings in his constituency of Midlothian. He opened it with a speech at the Corn Exchange, Edinburgh, on 30th August. The letters that follow refer to these utterances, of which Lord Morley has pointed out the real moderation: 'in the midst of the storm raised by his supporters all over the country, he [Mr. Gladstone] was the moderating force, elaborately appealing, as he said, to the reason rather than the fears of his opponents.'<sup>1</sup>

KENWYN, TRURO, *August 30, 1884.*

At this moment, I believe your father is rising to speak. Oh! that I could hear that deep-rolling voice! But this is pure business.

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Gladstone*, ii. p. 308.



Do you not sometimes want a really good man ? Because Henry Thompson,<sup>1</sup> now at Iron Acton, is too good a man to be left in the Country. He could undertake an important town cure with great success : he is a first-rate manager of men, shrewd, capable, strong. He is a born chief — and a very good parish priest. He preaches well, in the scholarly mode : he is *most* sympathetic with all Church work. He would be really good in London—or in any large town.

Good-bye ! I have been ill, but am recovering. Good luck to Midlothian ! and the Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee ! . . . I shall be so grateful for any news of Midlothian.

I AMEN COURT, E.C., *Sept. 4, 1884.*

I came up here, a delicious journey all the way with the bishop alone : we talked about six hours and a half of the eight we spent together ; so I arrived in *fragments*, but very happy.

The Dome looks a Home : it is very pleasant to creep into one's own house : the Deanery is up, and all is beautiful.

And you ? you throb ? you burn ? you walk in glory ? Is it wonderful ? As I read I long to know the *inside* of it all. To a pure outsider, the first speech read very wise, weighty, of

<sup>1</sup> Henry Lewis Thompson (1840-1904), Student and Tutor of Christ Church, 1863-1877, Rector of Iron Acton, 1877-1888, Warden of Radley, 1889-1896, Vicar of S. Mary's, Oxford, 1896-1904. A most interesting memoir of Mr. Thompson by his wife and Mr. Stephen Paget is prefixed to his *Four Biographical Sermons*, Oxford, 1905.



excellent force, of fine temper, persuasive, statesmanlike : on the other hand, it had not the *electric* touch of his very greatest efforts : it was never quite one of his *thrills* that lift a people : it had no exceptional passages. Was this so ?

Then the second<sup>1</sup> came, feeling a good deal more of the movement and stir of a great occasion : very masterly, very taking, very confident, very strong : and here, again, I was overjoyed with the dignity and fineness of the temper. Altogether there was a great deal of lifting power in the speech, and I went about fortified and refreshed. Yet I have known speeches of his which had left me more roused, more elated. I felt pleasantly proud, but not in the mood to rush out into the streets and huzza. The last big occasion, the biggest and most thrilling of all, I suppose, in itself, was not taken as the scene of a serious effort, I gather ; or, perhaps, it is impossible to *shout* to a vast people assembled anything very telling or remarkable in *point* and expression. All play, all subtlety, all rapidity, all variety is forbidden you—and the speaker must fall back on the familiar and plain. Still I own to a touch of private disappointment (most unreasonable !) at not coming across sentences with his wonderful ring and force in them : the speech would not carry matters forward.

There ! I am hideously impertinent in criticising that which is so high and so surprising.

<sup>1</sup> 1st September at Corn Exchange, Edinburgh, in defence of his administration.

But I thought I would write it down and see how it tallied with the reality on the spot.

I expect to hear that the scene at the *last* meeting<sup>1</sup> was overwhelming; as great as anything in the old Campaign: and also that the enthusiasm for *Rosebery* was immense. It has been a most comfortable delight to me to watch the Prime Minister's splendid temper and control in all this business. He has not let a word of passion or of fierceness escape him.

The Conservative papers are too silly: they do not attempt any serious treatment of the points made against them. I cannot understand what can conceivably be said in answer to the absolute and demonstrated impossibility of bringing in the two Bills<sup>2</sup> together. I a little bit wish that the very real difficulties of a fair Redistribution had been rather more recognised than they quite were in the speeches.

I have just had such a talk, and prayer, and blessing, with dear Truro—here. He is amazing.

1 AMEN COURT, E.C.

[September 8, 1884].

I felt a brute when I got your thrilling account of the Edinburgh doings and glories—to have written so coldly and critically. Not that I did not immensely enjoy the reading: only I felt

<sup>1</sup> 2nd September in Waverley Market, on the demand of the Lords for a dissolution of Parliament.

<sup>2</sup> For Redistribution as well as for enlargement of the Franchise.

that I had sometimes known a more kindling delight : and I could not *feel* the atmosphere, and the glow, and rush, and the roar, of course.

And, do you know ? I *was* so pleased with the frankness of that confession about Ireland. It was beautiful in its sincerity : and I am sure will easily survive a sneer or two. It was so *natural* that it should have been so. It explains so much. Altogether, the confession was a noble instance of that touch of *weakness*, which is your father's real strength : and it belongs to his refusal to apply any different moral rule to his public, from that which he holds in his private life.

Your account of it all is full of interest : it must be an unequalled experience, which will abide with you, as a possession—to give confidence. The wretched papers refuse absolutely to discuss any one of your father's serious propositions. But, at least, they allow that the enthusiasm was well up to the level of, if not surpassing, the famous days of the great campaign. I would have given anything to see Rosebery turn pale with a thrill !

How tremendous the Glasgow meeting seems to have been ! Trevelyan's speech full of fire, and go, and incision—and the audience rising and cheering for some minutes in the middle. . . .

I must stop. The house is very amusing : it is gradually filling in with things : and is growing habitably hideous.

Oh ! and thank you, and bless you, for those

sweet, beautiful flowers ! Of course, I know that they came all from Katie ! Dear little creature, will you thank her with a kiss from me ? But I am not going to allow her *all* the thanks. The Herbs smell deliciously on my writing-table—and the roses are under your father's photograph. Flowers culled from his speeches, I call them—in Midlothian—thank you very, very much.

1 AMEN COURT, Nov. 24, 1884.

I have been too rushed to get to Downing St. I could not help it : I did not expect to manage it.

Your dear letter was very pleasant, and refreshing to me. It was a good talk we had.

I must rush ; and not write, now, I fear.

Oh, Dodgson ! Have you seen his incredible paper on Redistribution !<sup>1</sup> It is the wildest form of serious joking that ever was seen. It will make you scream with laughter, if you just picture *every* single Member of Parliament (for he has sent it to all), starting gaily at page 8—reaching the comfortable formula at the top of page 14—and merrily rattling on over the interesting and even fascinating details of pages 18 and 19.

I carried [it] in my pocket to Downing St. that day : and then felt it too absurd to give it to you. Yet Dodgson is most solemnly anxious about it, and lives in constant prayer that the Prime Minister may throw his eye over it, and

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Holland had sent a copy of the pamphlet on 10th July ; see p. 69.

recognise at a glance the conclusion of all the passionate dreams of his momentous career—the realisation of his wildest hopes—the crown of his lifelong work. Would he look at it as a joke? as one of the most curious specimens of human mental culture ever produced in a Common Room? Perhaps he could be interested in it, as in Queen Elizabeth's shoe-strings, or in any of the treasures of our museums? It really is a curiosity—to come out of the same mind as Alice—and yet to think that that same mind does not the least see the splendour of the joke! He is frightfully in earnest. You will know whether this would be a conceivable method of introducing it. It really is worth looking at, for this purpose of psychological study.

Stuart, the very best of living men, sleeps here till Wednesday. I *am* so glad. He has plunged into the ranks of the 'Mad'—has he not? I thought at Cambridge we settled that the ideal was to be *just not* mad: and that rôle excluded anti-Vaccinators, I fancied. How about Anglo-Israel? After that there only remains the Claimant.

How amusing of you to wish for the Browning Notes.<sup>1</sup> They were a mere flying skit! Arthur Sidgwick has them just now.

Good-bye. Good-bye. I count on December 7th.

<sup>1</sup> A brilliant little essay on *The Flight of the Duchess*, which it has been decided does not rightly belong to this collection of letters, but will appear in another volume.



It is possible that this next letter precedes the former: it bears no date of the day of the month, but its evident reference to the vacant Deanery of Gloucester seems to place it after 25th November, the date on which Dean Law died. Dr. H. M. Butler, who had been Headmaster of Harrow since 1859, was appointed by Mr. Gladstone to the vacant post.

CHRIST CHURCH [Nov. 1884].

I have meant to return these constantly, with the usual result. I don't think that I ought to attempt to say anything positively about Dr. Butler. . . .

Apart from that, of myself I should only say that from hearing him preach I have been impressed by the sturdiness of his belief in our Lord—much as Russell speaks of him. It was no vague and shifty faith—such as might be gone if a new bit of evidence turned up against S. John—nor was it a faith that could not make itself articulate. It was all there in strength. But, then, that sort of faith, divorced from all historical and Catholic support, is, nowadays, an exceptional and rather irrational phenomenon, and does not make you trust the man's judgment or critical knowledge. It can only live amid a good deal of ignorance. It is not what men are looking for. It seems to them so arbitrary and eclectic, to hold so much, and yet so little. I spent a Sunday with him once at



Harrow—and was greatly taken by him *personally*, and felt the fineness of his character, but I never saw any one with less conception of what I imagine 'worship' to mean, except the Headmaster of Clifton. His mode of celebrating seemed to me the antithesis of 'worship.' But, you see, I have little grounds on which to speak.

We will talk on Monday. Oh! How I loathe, abhor, detest a theological row! But it is over! Hurrah! Which has won, I wonder?

CHRIST CHURCH, *Dec.* 13, 1884.

The wild and break-neck steeplechase of going away is proceeding; and I cannot collect my scattered mind and distracted heart to write. I longed to talk endlessly; and I shall remember you in my little alcove, with the children; and my Hawarden group has just come back in its frame, as a pledge that you were here. Dear friend, God is very good to us—and allows us so much that is blessed and refreshing, like living waters. We must be very thankful.

I have just been to Birmingham—to preach for a man unknown, unheard of, who stung me into going, by writing a note about his desolate work, and saying that 'distinguished preachers' were ready enough to go to large and popular churches, but that not one of them will come to help a lone struggling man, without support, in the slums. This drew me; and I went. It was amusing; and, on the whole, good.

I am going to talk 'Opium' to the Boro' of

Hackney Club—on Sunday morning, the 28th—and so introduce myself to Stuart’s diocese. Rosebery was stirring and strong last week—he moved me about Egypt. And think of George Russell going in for ‘ *Ending* ’ instead of ‘ *Mending* ! ’ Great house of Woburn !<sup>1</sup> Ghosts of Whiggery ! Have they any hairs untorn from their heads ! Good-night !

LIS ESCOP, TRURO, *Dec. 28, 1884.*

I must not write a letter, though I long to, for I have been so rejoicing in your delightful ‘ talk ’ just arrived, and I just wanted to say in response about 1002 things : but I must leave out 998 $\frac{3}{4}$  of them—for I [am] just saying good-bye to Candidates ; and am about to catch a train (always for me an anxious occupation). . . . Here is Browning :<sup>2</sup> but as I look at it, I am half-ashamed to send it. You will remember that it was a mere hurried Note, to be read in seven minutes—all anyhow. The allegory that I attempt to mock down was an extraordinary supposition of Mrs. Sidgwick in the Note read before mine that the Gypsy is a Lover in Disguise—the most ruinous supposition I ever heard of.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. John Morley, in a speech to two thousand Liberal delegates at St. James’s Hall, on the previous 30th July, had declared that in view of the rejection of the Franchise Bill, the House of Lords must be either ‘ mended or ended.’ Mr. G. W. E. Russell was the grandson of John, 6th Duke of Bedford, nephew of Francis, 7th Duke, and first cousin of William and Francis, respectively the 8th and 9th Dukes of Bedford.

<sup>2</sup> A paper on *The Flight of the Duchess*.

How can I tell you what this beloved man here is? Most wonderful. It is an unutterable time. But I am nearly dead: a wretched wreck! Oh, good-bye—now. With all warm, and devoted Christmas thoughts to you, and prayers for you, and most thankful praises for our still growing, and strengthening friendship. . . . I shall buy a Christmas card for you, and then post it in the *Fire*! I go to Gayton to-morrow.

GAYTON LODGE, WIMBLEDON,  
December 29, 1884.

. . . Oh! *Ferishtah*!<sup>1</sup>

I got full of rapture over that glorious last lyric. 'Oh, Love—no, Love!' It is the whole War-Love-Gospel of the fighting Christian.

But your words are very serious—I cannot write about them. This is my card. A Most Blessed New Year to you! and may we find ourselves still more grateful for yet more wonderful blessings as life slowly unseals its secrets!

Thankfulness *is* Christianity—to be *thankful* (as we are now) for all and in all—as it is given—walking on still in thankfulness from day to day; and, in thankfulness, afraid of nothing that the years may bring. In everything, to give thanks! . . .

Your father's birthday! How peaceful, and noble it will all be at Hawarden. I can send *you* my good wishes for all that the year may bring him.

<sup>1</sup> *Ferishtah's Fancies*, by Robert Browning. First published in 1884.

And Lincoln ?<sup>1</sup> Ought it to be Liddon ?<sup>2</sup> Many things would say so. If not now, I do not see *when* it would be right to do it. If this goes by—I think it would be almost a final decision against him ; and that, surely, ought not to be.

He is already on the edge of being too old to undertake entirely new work.

He and Ely<sup>3</sup> would work the East Coast very happily. I suppose the Archbishop<sup>4</sup> is very dead against it ?

It will certainly be very *marked* to pass him over—dangerously marked. It would, *insensibly*, harden him, I think. He could not help feeling that he was not trusted.

Dr. Edward King was offered the See of Lincoln on 28th January 1885, by Mr. Gladstone, and by accepting it vacated the Regius Professorship of Pastoral Theology at Oxford, which he had held since 1873.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD, *Feb. 3, 1885.*

Oh ! that we could talk ! Writing is the most absurdly inadequate thing ever invented. What

<sup>1</sup> The bishopric of Lincoln, then becoming vacant.

<sup>2</sup> Dean Church, on 8th January 1885, wrote to Mr. Gladstone of Dr. Liddon as ‘not only the Church of England’s greatest preacher, but, as I believe, her most learned theologian, and whatever criticisms may be passed on him, one of the most brilliant intellects and most attractive characters among her clergy.’—*Life of Dr. Liddon* (Johnston), p. 312.

<sup>3</sup> J. R. Woodford, D.D., then Bishop of Ely.

<sup>4</sup> Archbishop Benson of Canterbury.

the Phœnicians were thinking of, I cannot imagine. When are we going to break through the ridiculous tradition, and cast our fetters to the winds? I have no time to begin one word even of half the things I want to say, and I am therefore reduced to going at once to the end.

We must leave all Episcopál chatter to a real living chatter. Only—bless you for the Surprise and Delight of King! A S. Francis de Sales at Lincoln! A joy like an old Spring, if you can fancy Spring grown old—with all the charm of age, and yet still Spring—a mellow Spring—a mature Spring—a grey-haired Spring—a wrinkled Spring—like a delicious old Lady delicately dancing—an Anna-Miriam, or a Miriam-Anna for fourscore years on the steps of the Temple, in the Altar-Silence, yet with a flash and jingle of the timbrel above her head. It is lovely as a dream. King moving through the dim Fens, on a slow-pacing cob—blessing kneeling peasants. He will move as a benediction.

And Exeter. It is exceedingly funny. Has Mr. Gladstone been reading the Poem in 12 Books. *For Ever and To-day*.<sup>1</sup> Does he promote him one step at the completion of each book? Where will he get to? I long to know the secret. Perhaps, it is all to stop him writing

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Edward Henry Bickersteth (1825-1906) accepted the Deanery of Gloucester in January 1885, but was immediately afterwards appointed to the See of Exeter. He was the author of *Yesterday, To-day, and For Ever*, a poem in twelve books, which achieved great popularity in England and in the United States among Evangelical readers.

another poem half so long? He will never have time to manage it now: and the leisure of a Deanery might be perilous. Yes—I think this seems probable. And now, the Pastoral Chair? They all are racking their dear brains.

On 26th January 1885, Khartoum was taken by the forces of the Mahdi and General Gordon was killed. The news reached England on 5th February, and was published next day. A storm of passionate indignation broke over the Government, ‘an outburst of wrath to which there had been no parallel since the Crimean winter of 1854-55. . . . The verdict of public opinion, declared, and perhaps formed, by newspapers, condemned ministers for their desertion of Gordon, though they had not in fact deserted him. For their worst crime, which was sending him out, they were not arraigned.’<sup>1</sup> Such is the judgment of a learned and acute historian thirty years later: the same point was seized at the moment in the following letter:

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD, *Feb. 7, 1885.*

It is a terrible hour. You will be feeling the strain in its bitterest force. Men’s hearts are tingling and their minds are rocking: there is a

<sup>1</sup> H. Paul, *History of Modern England*, iv. pp. 275-6.



great swaying to and fro. One hardly knows to what it will come.

Meanwhile, a tragedy has possessed and overwhelmed us, which leaves us disheartened and fagged, to face blind perils in a meaningless war. How it all drives the soul back on God, the Almighty Refuge, patient, invincible, calm !

To meet it, as Gordon would have us meet it—with the absolute surrender that keeps all quiet and cool—this is our hope. And for your father—there is this sure confidence, I know.

Even in the thick of questions that swarm up to me (I must confess it) round and about many a point in this miserable story, I recognise with all my heart that the perplexities that we have fallen into are those which belong to a high, scrupulous, conscientious, moral purpose. Any one without a rag of principle, can see the pleas for the more effective and downright course which the easy-going Press would so lightly adopt, and which all Europe would at once understand, and accept.

The trouble has come out of a refusal to travel the easy road of force : and even if we find ourselves at last with no road at all, that is better than a *wrong* road deliberately chosen.

It is pleasant to read French taunts about conquest and selfishness, and not even feel touched enough by them to be angry.

Have I implied too much of critical misgivings about the actual line taken ? You will expect me to say all anyhow. I think I feel most prone

to criticising the original mission of Gordon. I do not think a Government can afford such a bit of wild adventure. Once *sent*, I feel it was impossible to leave it to be a wild adventure. A country cannot venture to *fail* in such a mission : yet it was just a chance whether he would fail or succeed. As a hero, he could afford to fail—and failing, to retire as he could. But England could not retire on discovering the impossible.

But what of all this ? I do not say it to pain you : I do not go about saying it. I shall not throw evil stones. Only to you I must say it—or I should feel dishonest, if I wrote all this sympathy that I do, indeed, long to give you, and pour out about you, in this hour of dismay. I shall look eagerly for a letter : God sanctify it all to you, and fill you with great courage. . . .

CHRIST CHURCH [*Feb.* 28].

I cannot tell you how your wail touched me. Is it any comfort to feel that a heart bleeds for you ? It sits, like a black cloud—this horrible hour—upon the soul.

Of course I felt at once how it was your father held himself down to sheer business that first night : and kept cold and stiff.

Every word in his speeches seemed to mean this : and I understood. But, as you feel, this which we see does not explain itself to the wild and frantic passion that is upstirred into cruel injustice out of its very loyalty to Gordon and sorrow at his splendid courage.

Sorrow, even noble sorrow, is so often unjust : so often cruel. It turns so easily into rage : it longs to vent its misery in the form of indignation. How can you enable your father to estimate this *unjust* fury, which is abroad, all intermixed with the natural storm of regret ? So that he may take pains to deprive it of its chances of laying hold of him at a disadvantage ? It asks of him more than it ought ; and, if he falls below the demand at all, feels as if it had a charge that holds against him.

One wants him to measure himself not only against the more just perplexities, but against the *least* just accusations. Could you send me a line to 1 Amen to say if it would be possible to see you at *three* ? How I burn to know how he fares to-night. My prayers are with him, and for him—most earnestly. . . .<sup>1</sup>

CHRIST CHURCH, *Feb.* 27, 1885.

What shall it be ? I tremble, and pity, and hope. And I felt so brutal in my hard and audacious criticism the other day. Of course, it is so horribly easy to criticise. Forgive me. And then the eternal comfort to feel that your great father has his treasure hid far away, secure from all tumult, untouched by jar or quarrel, there where no thieves can ever come to break through and steal ! He will just lift his eyes to the hills, whatever happens. We know that.

<sup>1</sup> 23rd February 1885. Mr. Gladstone defended the Soudan policy of the Government in reply to a vote of censure moved in the House of Commons. The motion was defeated by fourteen votes.

It fills me with glad pride to think of him and to hold by him, and to say, 'He is safe; you cannot touch him, do what you will!'

Good-night! The boys in a crowded room, at a Christian Socialist lecture, at which I took the chair, cheered his name earnestly and well, as of old. . . .

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD, *March 1885.*

How good! I must come. I will come! I can come! We elect the Bishop to-morrow.<sup>1</sup> But I should think by the 21st we shall find it essential to take a fresh and yet more audacious step in the direction of selecting and approving him for his office. Alas! *Mells* is impossible I fear! I don't know how to manage it. Alfred<sup>2</sup> was perfect: so pleasant, and true, and human, and good. It took the men by storm. He got such a delicious welcome.

1 AMEN COURT, ST. PAUL'S, E.C.,  
*April 2, 1885.*

Do you know that I have made a fool of myself? I have been collapsing. Took to my bed—with a shocking bad head. In the middle of addresses

<sup>1</sup> The election of Bishop Frederic Temple of Exeter by the Chapter of St. Paul's to the See of London.

<sup>2</sup> The allusion is to a visit of Mr. Alfred Lyttelton to Oxford, a remembrance that was vivid to Dr. Holland more than thirty years later, and which he recorded in *A Bundle of Memories*, where he recalls 'an evening in the Hall in Exeter College, thirty-two years ago, when Alfred Lyttelton stood up, in his fresh, beautiful manhood, erect, compact, alert, to speak to Undergraduates on behalf of the White Cross League. Could anything have been more manly, more gracious, more winning? . . . He could speak on such a topic with the perfect certainty and confidence of a man who knew how to come through the fire.'

at Lichfield. Fled here—am off work—have been home for two days—am recovering.

You would not come to the end of Mason, Three Hours and talk after—or later? I will look in for a short bit at you about five.

GAYTON LODGE, WIMBLEDON,  
*April 15, 1885.*

I am writing about poor F. Do not be moved overmuch by Gregory's<sup>1</sup> cold water. (Forgive the metaphorical confusion!) All that simply means that F. is a Radical. Nothing else whatever. It is, therefore, all in his favour. The colder Gregory is, the hotter you ought to be. The only possible reasons that made Gregory think him not quite the man for the place were:

(1) Bradlaugh's Hall of Science was to be in his parish, and Gregory thought him dangerous in tendencies for such a parochial charge; and (2) Mr. Foster's gift of Church and House to the parish, and his dislike to a strong Liberal.

This last was the only reason that prevailed against F——, *e.g.* with the Dean, and Liddon. The pressure came from all sides. I only asked Gregory about the wife: so it is monstrous that he should be permitted to choke off the poor oppressed Radical.

Liddon does not at all like Christian Socialists: but he was so impressed with F——'s claims that he yielded to Gregory only on account of Mr. Foster's plea. There! I have said my say.

<sup>1</sup> R. Gregory, D.D., then Canon of S. Paul's.



Your atmosphere is clearing, I trust.

My third volume of *Diana*<sup>1</sup> rather disappoints. The crisis is inadequate, and uninteresting in its conception, though excitingly worked.

We must all read *Marius*.

Next week I go to town. We will talk.

Relations with Russia suddenly became critical: an English and Russian commission was arranging the boundary of Afghanistan when a collision occurred between the Afghan and Russian forces and the Russians siezed Penjdeh. The news reached England on 8th April; there was a panic on the Stock Exchange, and war seemed inevitable, for Afghanistan was under English protection.

1 AMEN COURT, ST. PAUL'S, E.C.,  
*April 21, 1885.*

This morning's news looks terrible. I fear, there is no hope of peace. It has been most comforting to me to watch the earnest, unbreaking patience with which the Cabinet struggle against the horrible pressure for war. If it comes, it will be most enheartening and solemnising to recall that not *one* patient word had been left unsaid, nor any waiting been thought too long, if only it could have secured us a righteous peace.

War, now, can only mean a piece of wanton and wilful wickedness on the part of Russia,

<sup>1</sup> *Diana of the Crossways*, by George Meredith.



which cannot but hang, like a judgment, on her sword, weighting it with wrong.

God shield us all, and, above all, your father ! His very loathing for war gives a touch of solemnity and awe to his Leadership at this hour of decision.

I have been so refreshed to recover, in these dealings with Russia, the confidence which Egyptian darkness had beclouded. And, for our own little happy lives. Next Sunday I go to Oxford. Alas ! I should have loved to see you, and the Being. And now it can never be, can it ?

And Richter—my heart is smitten, and riven. I should love it ; but I am getting so miserable over my constant luxury of life, that I dare not allow myself the one crowning pleasure still untasted. My conscience is already in a wild condition of pricking. Could I halve a ticket with any one ? Could I offer to take *three* concerts, with somebody else ? Would Alfred divide ? <sup>1</sup> Is this making trouble ?

I would so gladly go two or three times, and I WILL not be a pauper demoralised by Charity and Free Breakfasts any longer ; but yet, I dare not think it right to be found Monday after Monday at every Richter.

1 AMEN COURT [May 1885].

Your account filled me with terror.<sup>2</sup> The John

<sup>1</sup> The Right Hon. Alfred Lyttelton.

<sup>2</sup> Of the illness of Dr. Talbot, Warden of Keble.

Talbots relieved me a little. The bleeding has stopped, I gather. Paget<sup>1</sup> has not gone down. But it is most anxious. We must bury ourselves in God.

May 16, 1885.

It is horribly tempting, yet I dare not ! I had a wretched night, and am on the Edge of Smash.

And great as would be my delight at meeting Miss Laura<sup>2</sup> again, she has never yet had the effect upon me of a wet bandage of soothing and placid stupidity. This is what I really need : something wide, stout, massive, and asleep : she is not this, so far as I can recollect her.

Please say that I write this refusal in tears. I am very sorry.

1 AMEN COURT [May 20, 1885].

I am obliged to cut a slice out of my heart, and give up the Richter. It *can't* be helped. I am so tottery ; and am near to my Lichfield type of smash, as I can feel. I can just creep back into the state in which a sermon can be built, by using every scrap of available moment for sleeping.

I *am* so sorry ! I had looked forward with all my heart to being with you the evening of the wedding of those famous two, whom you love so !

I could beat my head for being such an ass ! But that would only make it sulk !

<sup>1</sup> Sir James Paget.

<sup>2</sup> Miss Laura Tennant, who was married to Mr. Alfred Lyttelton on 21st May, at St. George's, Hanover Square.

Thank you so much for news of [the] Warden. I do not know how I can possibly get to the wedding to-morrow—but will pray for them most genuinely at the Early Sacrament.

Many, many tears are falling from my soul's eyes! . . .

Oh! and now here is Miss Laura's appeal! What *can* I do? I dare not! Can you make it right?

Mr. Gladstone's Government, now near its end, was divided over the question of the renewal of the Crimes Act in Ireland. The Whig wing were on the whole for renewal, the Radicals, on the other hand, were opposed to coercion. Before the question was settled the Government was defeated on 8th June by an alliance between the Conservatives and the Irish Nationalists.

1 AMEN COURT, *May 23, 1885.*

It was so good and comforting to get your letter, and to hear she forgave me. I felt such a wretch; and yet it was altogether necessary to refuse, or I should have been thrown right down again. But it must have looked so brutal. Dear little person, I do hope she is happy!

I have suddenly got quite well: and am most festive. It happened on Wednesday night through a chorus at the end of Stainer's 'Magdalene.' It cleared my liver: just like the Bach music did last Passion Week. With music and a horse, all might be well.

I so sorrowed for the 'Ghost' at Richter's! Were you very lonely and piteous? Perhaps, the lady next door had compassion on you, now that you *could* not talk!

Are you gone to Hawarden? Are you in a frightful crisis? Shall Liddon go to Peterborough? Butler will be all right;<sup>1</sup> I only meant, not *quite* perfect. King<sup>2</sup> is, I hear, rather in misery at all that is before him, and will need a strong Dean.

I am hoping to be well to-morrow, and to think of you, and to coo like a soft sucking dove in my pulpit.

Is the lady known to you as Frances<sup>3</sup> in town? Would she come and see me? I shall be very anxious to know how little Black James does about the Crimes Act. The Radicals seem to me to be showing the weak-knee-edness of Radicalism in this matter. . . .

1 AMEN COURT, *June 2, 1885.*

I am thinking so of happy Cuddesdon, and of my immense self-denial in being here! How blessed it will be! I do hope you will love it with a real Cuddesdon love, which stands quite alone among loves.

And now, a bomb!—a smash!—a terror!

I cannot tell you the shame and the pain with which I am covered! Next Monday!!—I can

<sup>1</sup> Apparently the resignation of Dr. Magee, Bishop of Peterborough, was expected. Dr. Butler had been made Dean of Gloucester.

<sup>2</sup> Bishop of Lincoln.

<sup>3</sup> Lady Horner,

hardly bring myself to put it into words.—Next Monday—— But it is too awful.

It must, at least, go over the page—— Next Monday Gregory <sup>1</sup> has pledged us to go and visit his pet child, the one Chapter estate, Tillingham in Essex. He has planned it for months: he has fixed the day: the village is *en fête*: I was heedless as he pinned me to the Date: and now I find that we go and cannot get back: I tried to get him to change; but the Universe has taken the reins into its own hands: the Vicar is holding the day sacred: the baked pies are being baked. Alas! Alas! What *can* I do?

Can we do something else with the Lauras <sup>2</sup> instead? And is there another Richter? Monday week? I do hope so, so very much. Then you will forgive!

I am miserable; but I *must* do Tillingham: Gregory would explode with violent anguish on the spot if I failed; and we still need his help in the Chapter finance, and should greatly regret a premature death of the kind.

1 AMEN COURT, *July* 1885.

One roaring, rattling line! In scurry, worry, hurry. Could it be *Sunday*, and not Saturday?

Oh! my mother! She clamours! I cannot see any other day to see her. I love her. She loves me. Therefore, could it not be Sunday? Lunch? Tea? Anything. I *must* not come to the match.

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Gregory was Treasurer, as well as Canon, of St. Paul's.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton.

I am *driven* by tiny things, like flies, into the phrenzy of Job. I should like to blow up the wretched trains that wreck your sleep.

BEL ALP, *Thursday, July 1885.*

I am waiting to hear that your father accepts the Bishopric of Salisbury :<sup>1</sup> but none of the Swiss papers have put it in. It would, really, be ideal. It seems 'meant.'

Here we look all day at the greatest Alps in the world. Nothing could be more superb; and the weather is almost silly, it is so magnificent. But yet, I am perfectly clear that the hills touch my head, and not my heart. I wonder—I admire—but I never love: I could leave them to-morrow without any pang.

How different it is, when I get down to the sweet lakes. Two days in my old, beloved Vevey overwhelmed me. It is the most beautiful sight to me in all the Earth: and the water haunts, and captures, and drowns one's soul—so delicious the colour, the motion, the change, the grace, the delicacy, the depth.

I begin to be sure that these great snows are death-shrouds, and are intended to sadden and terrify. The Mediaeval Bishops were right after all, and the Alps are, very probably, horrible, and grotesque, when looked into close. Nothing quite recovers them, not even the endless buzzing of the bees, and the swarm of flowers. What

<sup>1</sup> Vacant by the death of Dr. Moberley on 6th July 1885. (A return to the humorous suggestion on page 48.)



does Ruskin really think of them? Nobody has illusionised them, in the same sense with which Cumberland or Scottish hills have been gifted with souls. The one touch of beauty that clings about one is the tinkling of cow-bells, numberless, in these high pastures.

I may here mention that I am very well. I can walk and climb with some vigour. I am doing all that is right, with an almost absurdly inconceivable uprightness. I wander all day in splendid air, and think of nothing at all. If that does not satisfy the fondest prayers of a mother, I don't know what will. The dear Warden—is much better? I go to Lucerne about Wednesday, and then home.

## CHAPTER III

1885-1892

'The Maiden Tribute'—Gladstonian Policy—Miss M. Gladstone's Wedding—Death of Laura Lyttelton—The New Government—Home Rule Bill—The Duality of Love—A Sermon at St. Paul's—The Parnell Commission—London Dock Strike—Birth of Dorothy Drew—Gladstone and Parnell—Jenny Lind—The Purity Council—Death of Prince Albert Victor.

M<sup>R</sup>. GLADSTONE resigned office on 9th June, 1885. On the following 8th August he and Mrs. Gladstone, with other members of their family, were the guests of Sir Thomas and Lady Brassey for a three weeks' cruise to Norway on their yacht the *Sunbeam*.

GAYTON LODGE, WIMBLEDON,  
*Thursday, Aug. 17 [1885].*

My poor thing. I *am* so sorry. A letter of Mrs. Gladstone's to the Warden threw a dim but lurid light over your condition.

How wretched! You did not even sink, or get drowned, or have any happy opportunity of escape. It is miserable! I cannot tell you how I admire your courage. It represents to me one of the heroic feats, which are epic, historic, biblical. There has been nothing like it since the days of the Maccabees; and even Judith sinks into insignificance.

*Must* you have done it? But you *have* done it, and that is enough. Gordon, Lord Spencer, what are these, by the side of this sublimity of devotion?

I really and honestly think I know no such fiery (or watery) test of friendship, pluck, affection. Is it better now? I hope the Ffiords (I have not ventured on throwing in a 'j' somewhere about this word to improve the local colour) are behaving with *some* decency. Here we have got perfectly still again, after the blusters in which you left our shores. With my foot on the deck of the Calais-Douvres, as it bounded over the foam, I saw, to my comfort, that the under sea was, still, quite calm on the day of your start—in spite of the surface-wind. So I had hoped for the best. But alas!

The dearest Warden progresses admirably, and the doctor is *enthusiastic*: everything is healing: he is himself pleased and hopeful. It is fearfully long in arriving at the state of any movement into chairs, etc. He is as tender as ever about the slightest jar; but he is so vigorous in himself, quite *robust*, and gay, and so healthy in all other ways, that I have the very best hopes.

I had such a noble sight of Laon [on] Sunday week—such a position, Durham-like in magnificence; and a cathedral of *seven* towers! I had a tooth for the last few days abroad, which rather ruined Lucerne, but I crawled home very happily, alone, through Belfort, which thrilled me, and this beautiful Laon.

Here, we struggle wildly up and down, over the

Crusade.<sup>1</sup> Stead is terribly insolent; he *will* overdo his case: he is totally without instincts, on some points: and I dread the indefinite prolongation of the scream, until it potters down into bedraggled silliness, and we all react from very weariness. Wilkinson says well, that Stead has no notion how the devil rushes in to sow tares, wherever a good start has been made.

1 AMEN COURT, *Sept.* 10, 1885.

Your picture was one of unutterable pathos. Is it not a blessed comfort that the one thing the old earth is certain to avoid is rolling and heaving? Never, never must you leave it again for these ridiculous boats. We will cling to our old conviction that a ship is never seen to perfection except on land.

I have wanted to write. But until the last two days my poor old cranky rotten nut of [a] head has been too feeble to do anything. It has been much better these last two days, and I am going to struggle to keep it straight. And I will write very soon. Instead of a letter I am venturing to send you a sermon, printed up in a book.<sup>2</sup> You always forgive me for wishing you to read

<sup>1</sup> Mr. William Stead, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, was then publishing a series of articles, which aroused public opinion, on the facilities which he alleged to exist for vice and immorality. The Criminal Law Amendment Bill was then before Parliament, a measure designed to protect young women and children, and, with the strong public opinion in its favour, became law in this month, August 1885.

<sup>2</sup> Apparently a sermon, ‘What God Is,’ in a volume *Christ for To-day* (Ed. H. D. Rawnsley, London, 1885). I owe this identification to the kindness of Dr. Darwell Stone, Principal of Pusey House, Oxford.

what I care about : and, in this sermon, though some long time ago and written in my 'young style' before I became wise and stupid and respectable—I did manage to say what I care still greatly about, and which might, possibly, help some of those men whom you know. It must be taken as if it were a letter.

The Warden is splendid. No one was ever better than the Dean.<sup>1</sup> He is as fresh as a new-laid egg, most crisp, and gay, and beautiful. Good-bye. With love to the steady unrolling earth.

The following letter (only a fragment of it survives) shows Dr. Holland's mind in the confusion of the political world in the autumn of 1885. The General Election lasted from Nov. 23rd, to Dec. 19th, and the attitude of Mr. Gladstone towards Irish self-government was not entirely clear : he had at any rate made no definite and concrete proposals for a settlement of the problem. He had spoken in his campaign in Midlothian on Nov. 9th, 11th, 17th, 21st, 23rd, and 24th, and it is to this series of speeches that the following letter alludes.

*Dec. 1885.*

. . . a reckless and harsh raising of the issue :—guidance to those who should come over, as to what constituted equity and moderation in handling the question ; and something, also, of

<sup>1</sup> Dean Church.

personal interest in the vanishing of a splendid Hope, something corresponding to the old phrase of England being left 'bleeding and lacerated.' You will say that the last great speech gave us all this. And we were indeed grateful. Yet we *felt* a tone of *aloofness* from the question, as of an interested spectator, rather than of an implicated statesman. It is the old man surveying the varied scene; not the leader shaping and ruling the practical destinies.

You will think that I am ignoring all the difficulties and pleas. I daresay I am. We cannot tell all that is before your father's mind, of course, as he chooses his words. I only mean to report the temper of us, as we watch on; ignorant of a great deal; yet hungry for strong direction from the one Voice to which we care to listen, and anxious that no flavour of disappointment should haunt the last years in which that voice will speak to us. It is the smallness of the lesser voices that makes us so sensitive.

I hope things are clearing a little: but I fear that the Church Liberals will abstain largely from voting. They cannot be persuaded that Chamberlain means nothing. They feel that he requires a more forcible repression than he has yet received. I shall be so glad if you have time to tell me how things feel to you.

GAYTON LODGE, WIMBLEDON,  
*December 1885.*

Your delicious bell <sup>1</sup> found me here last night.

<sup>1</sup> A Swiss cow-bell.



It is full of grass, meadows, hills, cows, flowers, sweetness, health, hay, happiness, butter, peace, high lawns, dewy eaves, children, and cheese. It refreshes me just to tinkle it. That is a pure joy that Swiss uplands will always retain. Thank you again and again. But it is almost wicked of you, and I think you very nearly deserve a Christmas card. Every good wish, prayer, blessing that the most beautiful card could convey be yours !

Your poor tooth ! It ruined my joy at seeing you, for you were so battered about by it. And a tooth is, mentally, so ruinous.

I came from my beloved St. Paul's yesterday. I had a baddish week : but am softly better now, though *dull*. As is to be expected, I go to Torquay (not Jerusalem) for the beginning of January—to see E. G—— perhaps on to the Bishop at Truro. Then back to sit a little. Then, perhaps, anywhere. Assisi, Siena, I do long to see.

On 2nd February 1886, the Feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Reverend Harry Drew, then assistant-curate of Hawarden, and Miss Mary Gladstone were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster. On his correspondent's engagement, Dr. Holland had written :—

. . . I feel what his deep fervour of devotion will mean to you. He has it in him, I know, to give you all that life is meant to bring you of

intense and supreme loyalty. Let me thank God that you have found it, the good gift, and that it has been sent so strangely, found there at your feet, close at hand, in all quiet homely naturalness, deep, full, sufficient. You have testified in the face of all, to the supremacy of Goodness and Purity—the one supreme possession in spite of all that a crowded world could bring of passion, brilliancy, interest, fervour, emotion, skill. It is an act of witness borne to God. . . .

Dr. Holland was kept by the sick-bed of a young cousin, who was seriously ill at Torquay, where her mother had taken her, and was unable to be in London for the wedding.

PEAMORE, TORQUAY, *Jan.* 1886.

. . . I dimly hear that you love the Praying Girl.<sup>1</sup> But they have only got a big one ; and it may be made coarse by being big ; and you may dislike it.

If so, you must tell me frankly ; but I am risking it, as I cannot see it first, and it will come to you.

Presents are mere pledges of what they know they can never express.' But a picture is something that is a presence as well as a present, for it looks at you again and again, and almost speaks, and always remembers, and never forgets, and is unceasingly faithful, hung on its hook, never stirring, but waiting on on the wall,

<sup>1</sup> A modern picture of a girl saint in prayer.

to say—‘Run along, as you will ; go in, and go out ; laugh, talk, do what you may—I shall be here ; you can always be sure of me ; you will find me, whenever you choose, on the same old nail, in the same old corner ; you need not trouble to look at me ; but when you like to be still, and lie back, and look up, and want me, there I shall be—just as you left me : I never want to come down off my hook ; so long as I am allowed to be near you, and to be given a kind look, now and then, between times.’

I shall pray to be what a picture should be—to be faithful as it :—to remember, as it remembers—to be happy, as it is happy, in your happiness, at your hand, on *your* wall.

Do you remember our old motto, of which some one, I forget whom, was not considered by you to be worthy ? I am thinking of it, often, now, for you. I should like to have just it below the picture :—

‘Draw out, *now*, and bear unto the Governor of the Feast.’

You had filled the old waterpots up to the very brim. You had tasted all the joys of friendship : now you are ready : you can taste the richer draught—the good wine, kept until *now*. God give you good deep draughts of that red Wine of His !

Now, for a strait.

I am here with little E. G——. She has got feverish ; is in bed ; is terribly delicate and fragile. She clings on and on to my being here. . . .

Could you forgive me if I find myself detained ? I should go to my Celebration here at eight for you : and all day I would think, and pray. . . .

TORQUAY, *January 1886.*

You know I shall be *with* you.

I should have *loved* to be close, at St. Paul's—to all that was moving in you. But the little girl here still lies in her bed, and clings on to comfort, and her mother is so nervously anxious : I *cannot* leave her. I think I *must* be right, and you will allow for it.

And the day will be so crowded with emotion to you, to-morrow, that you will not have time to feel anything distinctly, except the one great act. Round or about, behind it, a vague cloud of affection will gather, and you will not know what faces are there to see, or what hearts are burning ; but you will feel them as a large, close, crowded presence, that cares for you, and prays for you ; and in that presence you will be sure that I am mingling my warmest hopes, and most earnest prayers, with all those that go up, like incense about you—before the Throne—praying for you all honours and blessings, and glory, and light, and warmth, and life, and joy, and consolation—with long happy days that lie ahead full of untold treasure, and unnumbered kindness, and unfathomed comfort, and unmeasured peace. And we will meet, some day, and you shall tell me all the meaning of the great change, and all the new experience it brings you, and the securities

of garnered and upgathered affections, and the tranquillities of a bonded love. . . .

ARIADNE, SMYRNA, *March 30, 1886.*

I am yachting! Conceive it! And I really enjoy it! That is incredible, I know. And I write hastily, lest it should cause a permanent breach in sympathy between you and me.

Alas! how often have we mingled our united abuse of this detestable occupation! How cordially my deepest groans have responded to your shrillest shrieks; and our tears have flowed together, as we recalled the days on Norway's foaming flood.

And now [it is] terrible! But I am happy—happy on board a ship of 380 tons. True, we have been generally in harbour: and we long ago agreed that a ship was beautiful as long as it remained on dry land.

For three perfect and adorable days we lay in the lovely little cove at Patmos, and lived on the memories of St. John; and took entire possession of monasteries and chapels; and looked over seas of unutterable blue to the long lines of Ephesian hills, and of dreaming islands. Never was anything so lovely. And, then, we ran to Samos, and lay imprisoned by north-easters for five days—and wandered over nameless hills, and looked over views that no one has enjoyed since Cleopatra sat there with Antony.

And now we have run on to Smyrna, past Ephesus; and every hill has been in the eye of



St. John and St. Paul. Every imaginable face and leg turn up in the bazaars here ; and through them all sad camels squeeze their lumbering dismal way ; they look overwhelmed with the pathos of their position ; their skins don't fit ; their joints come anywhere and anyhow ; their hair seems to have been used up by John the Baptist, who wanted so much that he has only left them the locks and tufts, that were too bad even for him ; they despair of knowing how their necks will stick on another minute ; they feel sure that they are being led on some hopelessly futile errand ; they are almost determined to lie down and die at every step ; but they always put it off for one step more ; woebegone old fossils, disastrous accidents who ought to have perished with the first failures of Nature, before she had got her hand in—cross-grained, plaintive, stupid, desolate, blunders—there they roam, ragged, tufted eye-sores—wearily plodding on some endless task.

Only twice have I had to retreat ; often I have sat scudding ten knots an hour, and liked it. The yacht is beautiful, and Freddy Wood <sup>1</sup> is perfect, and Knox Little <sup>2</sup> is full of affection. By Saturday, I go back to Athens for three weeks to my deserted sister. And you ? and Hawarden ?

<sup>1</sup> The Hon. Frederick George Lindley Wood, fourth son of the first Viscount Halifax, a close friend of Dr. Holland since their Eton days, and brother of his hostess of the yacht, Mrs. Meynell-Ingram. Mr. Wood, who assumed the name of Meynell after his sister's death in 1905, died in November 1910.

<sup>2</sup> The Rev. W. J. Knox Little, Canon of Worcester, died 1918.



and Ireland ? and Revolution ? and Everything ? Oh ! how far away ! Yet how near it all keeps !

Are you back in quiet, beginning the new life in the strangely familiar places ? Perhaps you will be able to write a word. It will be most grateful.

Since the publication of the *Life* of Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, in 1917, the world has been able to realise the brilliant, beautiful, and rarely gifted girl, Laura, fourth daughter of Sir Charles Tennant, whom Mr. Lyttelton married in 1885. She died a few days after her child, Alfred Christopher, was born in April 1886. She has appeared already in these letters, and Dr. Holland commemorated in *A Bundle of Memories* 'the amazing fascination of the tiny little lady, whose very being was a living flame ; who enthralled and bewitched the world ; who moved about encircled by a crowd of rejected lovers who remained her adoring friends ; who gave herself wholly to him who won her soul ; who left those overwhelming records of her young wedded life ; and who died within the year, to leave an incomparable memory as of a vision that had come and gone in a moment's glory. There was never anything quite like her.'<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *A Bundle of Memories*, pp. 276-77.

NURNBERG, *May 11* [1886].

Your blessed words of sheer, outpoured grief were such a relief ! I had shuddered at your former words, saying that people were alarmed for her baby—and then I recovered by a sense of the impossibility that she should die ! Impossibility—for *him*, not for her. It seemed all but incredible that Alfred should find himself so swiftly stripped.

And yet there it is ; the most pathetic, pitiful case ! What it costs, this life of ours ! The terrific cost ! Life after life, joy after joy, glory after glory, all whirled into the pit of loss—hurled away into the gulf. The wealth of precious offerings all taken into the tremendous act of sacrifice—by which life builds its story !

What is it for which we go on paying the price ? What splendour is there that grows together in some after-world, for some Hereafter, towards which all this cost is paid ? What End will be worth it all ? What must the Love of God be, what infinite richness must await us in the Honour of Christ, in the Day of Resurrection, since it will be well worth all the hurt, all the wounds, all the loss, all the misery ? To think what we have paid down in the loss of this lovely life now taken ? the years of radiant joy, all thrown away, the years of grace, of laughter, of tenderness, of beauty, of rapidity, all that would have come from her to us ! We have lost all this ! And yet what we gain must be worth it all ! Oh ! what is it our eyes shall see then ?

More than heart can conceive, more than tongue can utter—the riches of the glory of the Vision of Christ !

How I think of my last sight of her at Oxford in December, pleading with Sir Andrew Clark so vehemently, so sweetly, for him to speak out to men on behalf of truth and purity ! The words go on ringing in my ears, of Mat. Arnold's ' Farewell ' <sup>1</sup> :—

' Strew on her roses, roses !  
But never a spray of yew !

Her mirth the world required,  
She bathed it in smiles of glee :  
But her heart was tired, tired,  
And now, they let her be !

Her life went turning, turning,  
Through mazes of heat and sound,  
But for peace, her soul was yearning,  
And now peace laps her round !

Her cabin'd and ample spirit,  
It fluttered and failed for breath,  
To-night it doth inherit  
The vasty halls of Death.'

There are one or two notes false to her, but it speaks much of her. Only she does not seem to tread vast halls of Death ; but to lie, in quiet, blissful wonder, like a fluttering bird [at] once stilled and unalarmed, in the Hands of the Holy Father of all Peace.

<sup>1</sup> *Requiescat*, by Matthew Arnold. Dr. Holland quotes the poem from memory evidently, and alters a word or two.

A lovely vision she was to us ! a beautiful, passing vision, like a swift angel that passes as we look—with a flying glance over the shoulder at us, who must follow whither she draws us.

And *you*, dear Mary—you have lost so much ! You loved her so deeply : you knew all she held in her. How I think of that story of hers, you read, with its picture so fleeting, of the bright, strange girl on the heath !

Good-bye—God comfort you !

Mr. Gladstone had become Prime Minister for the third time on 1st February 1886. On 6th April he introduced a Government of Ireland (Home Rule) Bill, and it was the great topic for the next two months. In the House of Commons, Lord Morley records, ‘the month of May . . . was the critical period. . . . On the ministerial side men wavered and changed and changed again, from day to day and almost from hour to hour. Never were the motions of the pendulum so agitated and so irregular. So novel and complex a problem was a terrible burden for a new parliament.’<sup>1</sup>

GAYTON LODGE, WIMBLEDON,  
May 31 [1886].

Thank you for your letter, full of sweet, pathetic memories of that bird-spirit, who lies sleeping, so

<sup>1</sup> *Life of W. E. Gladstone*, ii. p. 563.

still and silent, in the Glen. Poetry wakes up at her touch, and it is hardly possible not to think that those who remember her, know a little more of what is to be felt moving under the great lines: 'O Lyric Love.' The fluttering passion of the *bird*, with the white, flashing, purity of the *angel*—the wonder, the strangeness, the delight of a visitant presence caught and held in the body, for a space, for our joy, and released from unnatural restraint, to fly back, in a rush, to the home that was hers all along—leaving to us the sense of swift passage, as of a bird, through a world that could not hold her, so that we are left startled out of our humdrum ways, knowing that we have 'entertained an angel unawares.' This is her memory to us. You will tell me, when we talk, more of all you find of hers—and of all that happened. I know nothing of dear Alfred, or of what he does, or where he is, or the baby, where does it live? Will Lady Frederick take it? <sup>1</sup>

You assume that I am a fervent Home-Ruler? Well, I am ready for the Bill. But you speak of feeling sure, happy, clear; and I should feel *that* to be impossible. Say what one will, the plunge into the Unknown is serious, is tremendous. The possibilities are terrific: no one can foretell them. The social disruption of Ireland, involved in this upheaval to power of that which has never shown the capacity to use it, of that temper still so barbaric, so untempered, so irresponsible, so

<sup>1</sup> Lady Frederick Cavendish, Mr. Lyttelton's eldest sister.

false, so mean—with the swarm of angry memories that are inherited, and the inevitable strain of poverty, and the depression of a disastrous Fate that hangs like a doom over Ireland—all this makes it impossible but that the venture should be one of awful hazard. And, then, I could only conceive Home Rule justifiable if the Land Bill passes also. Without this, it would be monstrous. Yet what frightful obstructions are building themselves up against that!

Altogether, though I know how strongly first principles tend towards Home Rule, the conditions of life would seem to me too hopeless for me to venture the decision, unless your father had made it for me. He has made it—that is a tremendous act, which carries me a long way forward—he has made it, and that has made going back from it inconceivable. But I have never felt more anxious, and, above all, I am anxious over the prospects of the Land Bill.<sup>1</sup> To leave the Agrarian Horror to the new Ireland is to condemn it to desperate failure. Yet how is Mr. Gladstone going to carry the Land Bill? It is one of those moments when history alone holds the verdict, and history is silent as death; and we shall die, perhaps, before we know whether your great father is justified in the decision, by which he alone, in his own conscience, has absolutely determined the whole course of English history. This silence, in which we move towards

<sup>1</sup> The Irish Land Purchase Bill, also introduced in the previous April.



the goal, is fearfully solemn, and often it terrifies me. It is an hour of faith; and it has burst suddenly in; and it is crowded with false issues and the turmoil of hideous Parliamentary necessities; and judgment quails.

The division on the second reading of the Home Rule Bill was taken a little after 1 A.M. on 8th June, after Mr. Gladstone had closed the debate with one of the noblest speeches he ever made. Lord Morley has described the historic scene, and quotes the splendid peroration in his *Life of Mr. Gladstone*.<sup>1</sup> The Government were defeated by thirty votes, the numbers being 343 against the Bill, 313 for it. Ninety-three Liberals voted against the Bill. Mr. Gladstone advised the Queen to dissolve Parliament, which she did on 26th June, and in the General Election which followed, the opponents of the Irish policy of the Government were 390 against 280 in its favour. Mr. Gladstone resigned office on 20th July. The letter which follows was written just after 8th June.

I AMEN COURT [June 1886].

I can think of little but your father. That peroration goes on ringing in my ears. It was wonderful, in that unutterable nobility which he, alone, can assume. Most pathetic it seems to

<sup>1</sup> *Life of W. E. Gladstone*, ii. 577-580.

me, yet you will feel his position, his hope, to be too *strong*; to be called pathetic. Those words of his can never now be forgotten—nor can they cease to determine the future.

Only just now—it is a bitter, and tragic moment. There is the loss of friends—nothing can be sadder than that. And the election must sharpen antagonism so fiercely. I tremble still. But that memory of the great speech will always strengthen and console. God guide him among the snares and pitfalls to the Good Issue !

In September Mrs. Drew was seized with sudden and serious illness. Dr. Holland wrote :

1 AMEN COURT [*Sept.* 1886].

I did not know one word of all this until a sudden anxious note from Mrs. Edwarden<sup>1</sup> on Saturday. Alas ! dear friend, I wish I could but write, only I cannot. But I can pray for you with all my best heart—and can grieve most bitterly with you. . . . You are better, I hope, *yourself*. God keep you for us all ! I will write again, if only my head would let me ! The Mercy and Grace of Jesus comfort you, and give you hope of brighter things !

The letter which follows is to Mr. Drew.

1 AMEN COURT [*Oct.* 1886].

Will you thank her and bless her, out of my

<sup>1</sup> 'The Edwardens' was Dr. Holland's name for Dr. and the Hon. Mrs. E. S. Talbot.

heart of hearts, for her dear, broken, tender words? It was such a joy to get them, and it enabled me to pray for her, with a full soul, that she may now win her way back to health, and joy, and happiness with you! It is, indeed, a time of giving thanks.

Will you tell her that my poor old head lags foolishly behind my legs? It is no use to me as yet. I carry it about with me, for the sake of appearances; at least, it can fill up the time, by bearing my hat, which would be disappointed if it had nothing to go on. I am assured that if I carry it about long enough and abstain from throwing it away into the ditch, it will recover its spirits, and do some jobs for me again. At any rate I cannot get another, so I must put up with this one.

LIS ESCOP, TRURO [*Dec.* 1886].

How are you? May we write to you? I hear dim rumours of movements that begin—voyages across rooms, grand journeys round the world from sofa to sofa, Cook's Tours down the Grand Passage. Is all this beginning to be left behind? Can you taste the air, and the sun? I long to know. So weary you must be of it. So trying, these long days of dragging recovery. So full of fatigue and disappointment, so dull, and unaided, and unrelieved. But, thank God, all is slowly righting, and you will be yourself again, by His Mercy, here among us; with health, and hope, again, I do pray with all my heart. I am

here with the Ordination, and things are blessed, and the Bishop is amazing, and the Church is really alive. I only want to send you one little word of affection. . . . God bless, comfort, feed you. . . .

1 AMEN COURT, Dec. 1886.

Your letter was delicious to my heart : if I knew where its cockles were, I should certainly have demanded their being *warmed*. May the New Year bring you blessed health, and peace, and joy, and everything glowing, and beautiful, and strong.

It still sounds so sad to hear of your slow motion forwards. It is most weary and trying. But thanksgiving shall go up, in spite of all—for all the good given—for all that has been saved. £5 for health is the *least* I can do to express my thanks.

My heart leaped at the thought of Hawarden, but it is quite, quite impossible. I just get this one week at home, and then London boxes me. Perhaps if I go to Glenalmond in March, I might creep in to see you ? Might I ? It would be so heavenly. I shall hope. Good-bye now. I shall look firmly at a New Year's card in a shop-window, and, in my mind, select it to be the one I should send you, if you didn't hate it.

The correspondence of the twelve months following has apparently perished ; the next letter belongs to a year later. It has proved impos-

sible to identify 'the Dream' to which the letter refers.

LIS ESCOP, TRURO [Dec. 1887].

This is only a sham letter.

Certainly I cannot but think that your second explanation is right. 'Forgiveness has ceased in Love.'

In 'Forgiveness' there is still separation: the two souls stand apart, the one forgiving from the one forgiven. Duality is inherent in it.

But the Dream aims at absolute identification—the other man's soul is first 'myself' when stripped: the same as 'myself.'

Then, it is God—the same as God.

The conditions of forgiveness have melted into the unity and identification of *love*.

This is shocking bad theology, and *un-Christian* metaphysic, but it is what she ought to mean, if she doesn't.

Of course, *we*, Trinitarians, see that love is dual; it is never identity; it intensifies the separate identities, by the same act through which it fuses them. It *transcends* the duality, without abolishing it. It raises it to a higher power, leaving it what it was.

This is [the] way in which Christian thought makes its triumphant escape out of the shadowy Buddhism, or Pantheism, which is embodied in this story.

We win, so to speak, with both hands down, because we see that the *reality* of *personal* life

retains all its force in the transfigured sacrifice of itself in love. It finds itself, as well as loses itself; and the same act does both. It cannot lose itself without finding itself: it never *can* find itself, unless by losing itself.

It does not die away out of itself in a dream: it realises itself in everlasting self-surrender, which perpetuates its existence as a self, and so perpetuates the renewal of the self-surrender.

It is a thoughtful dream, though, with a good deal of beauty. I think there ought to be some thread of connection between the scenery and the dream. There is nothing whatever (is there?) in the ruined chapel to suggest the lines of the dream. I was, indeed, astonished at the sudden insight of the *Guardian*. It was amazing.

Of course, I was not affected by the taunt of Lord Salisbury, in which he mistook the Welshmen who do not want *bribing* to be Home Rulers, and your father, who is surrendering no conviction of his own.

But I remain unhappy at the Church Question being tied on as a tag to the urgency of the other Question. It is, surely, solemn and serious enough to be kept entirely on its own grounds, as of first-rate importance, and to be freed from narrow and pressing passion.

I was grieved to have it, as it were, 'thrown into the Home Rule Pot' (forgive me!)—to be caught up into the heat and smoke of the Irish Question. It was most unfortunate that it should come, not indeed as a bribe, but as a sort of reward—of



'*bonne-bouche*'—to the Welsh. I cannot but say this to you. Be kind and forgiving to me. . . . I send you a little book.<sup>1</sup> I own I care for the position taken up in it very much indeed.

The following letter refers to a description by Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, in a letter to Mrs. Drew, of a sermon of Dr. Holland's at St. Paul's. Mr. Lyttelton tells how he has just come back from St. Paul's, and 'my brains are still dancing and my heart burning with Holland's sermon; I think, on the whole, it is the finest I ever heard.' He gives a rough outline of the sermon, and adds, 'possibly publication would spoil it, so intense was the spirit of him, dear old fellow, diffused by his yearning voice and passionate, lightning quick gestures. Yet I trust I may never forget it.' Mr. Lyttelton's letter was sent on to Dr. Holland by its recipient; it is dated 15th January 1888, and is printed in full in *Some Hawarden Letters*, pp. 226-28. The sermon which evoked it is printed in Dr. Holland's *On Behalf of Belief*, pp. 238-61.

1 AMEN COURT, Jan. 1888.

Your enclosure was a real help and joy. St. Paul's pulpit is terribly in the air—remote from

<sup>1</sup> Apparently *Christ and Ecclesiastes*. Sermons preached in St. Paul's Cathedral.

its hearers : it is scattering Seed in the dark : one knows so little of what is doing. A genuine bit of thankfulness, like this, cheers me mightily ! and, I think, does me nothing but good, so far as I can see.

And, then, I loved above all in it, the ' dear old fellow ' from Alfred to me. That sort of word gets at my heart. And I read the *Thyrza* extract, with unfaltering interest, never dreaming but that you had sent it on purpose. You are always good to me ! Please read *Boys and Masters*, by the celebrated Gilkes. It is the truest book I ever read. I think Edward L.<sup>1</sup> might love it. It is the only book that has ever given the intimate, skirmishing, chaff, short and abrupt, between hastening ' Schools,' as they pass—of Masters' talk.

You must come and see the Reredos. It is a piece of quiet music that never ceases.<sup>2</sup>

I am very grateful for your words on *Christ and Ecclesiastes*. I fear it will never reach to within the faintest whispering distance of a man of science. The *Spectator* was almost its only chance : but Hutton won't look at it. I must be content with the clergy, and not be fretful.

Good-bye. Alas ! I go not *North* !

On 19th May 1888, Alfred Christopher, the

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. the Hon. Edward Lyttelton, then an Assistant Master and subsequently Head Master of Eton College.

<sup>2</sup> The famous reredos in St. Paul's Cathedral, erected by the Dean and Chapter from the design by Mr. G. F. Bodley. It was the subject of an unsuccessful lawsuit by the Church Association.

two-year-old son of Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, died of tubercular meningitis, after a swift illness, and was buried two days later by his mother's side on the anniversary of her wedding day.

1 AMEN COURT, ST. PAUL'S, E.C.,  
[*Summer 1888*].

Such lots to write ! Yet how to begin, or ever to write it ? And, above all, Alfred ! I had heard nothing until your deadly news. And, now, it is such a blank to me. It is like a formless shadow of darkness : so utterly depressing ! Yet I can give it no shape, for I never saw him with his child, never saw the child—have no picture, impression, memory, to embody to me what is taken away. And so it all seems so far off, and intangible. Only, the profound pity remains, for the poor boy.

It is solemn as an ancient tragedy—the glorious promise of that young wedding, with those two souls, quivering through and through with the laughter of life, the laughter that comes from sheer abundance of exuberant life.

And, then, the swift ruin ; and now the utter blotting out of all that can give earth a pledge that that delicate quivering vital Presence was ever here among us ! It is laid up with her : it

is surrendered back : every one will feel that. Only, it *is* so drear and empty here, for that dear lad. God comfort him !

What is there that can bring him peace ?

*The White Doe*<sup>1</sup> is the only poem that ever taught the whole sanctity of *utter* sorrow—of a sorrow that has no end, no help, no issue. It is most beautiful : but, then, it pictures such sorrow only in a lone maiden—not in one who has to set his face, and grind along in the thick of the world. Still, it may touch home. And we can pray for him.

Thank you so much about —. I had not really the least understood, though she meant me to understand, the deliberateness of the old untruth to you ; or else, of course, I should have had to require her to confess to you. Do not think that she hid it : only there was so much that was difficult to speak of that I did not take in all that the lie had been. It grieves me bitterly ; but you must believe in her—won't you ? She *ought* to be so good ; and she slips so terribly into these things. I am, I think, always very uncompromising about a '*fib*.' I feel so profoundly the moral degradation they cause : perhaps, all the more, from my own strong temptation to them.

<sup>1</sup> William Wordsworth's *The White Doe of Rylston*.

MORTONHALL, LIBERTON, N.B.,  
*August 24 [1888].*

Let me keep the feast of St. Bartholomew, as I cannot go to church, by writing you a little letter.

You have been, and come back, and pleasant rumours floated in of all going well, but you must not say that it was as brilliant as last year's holiday. You cannot have found any one so paternally kind to you as Mr. B——! nor can you ever have made half such a noise at table d'hôte. I laugh still to myself when I think of your 'frank' explanation of your objection to the 'Scott.'

Of the Warden I have heard no syllable, nor how his conscience fared as he sat, on Sunday, listening to *Parsifal*.

I have had most pleasant days in my old cousin-haunts, fairly well, and very happy: just lately I have met my mother and sister, and seen Melrose aright, and all the old Walter Scott country—very good, and friendly, and historic, and quickening. Have you read a book?

I loved the opening of Archbishop Trench's *Life*. He is a deep, great soul.

How wet and cold we are! On Monday, I go to Corton Presteign (Barclay Thompson's),<sup>1</sup> and

<sup>1</sup> Now Mr. J. Barclay, Senior Student and Tutor of Christ Church, and Lee's Reader in Anatomy in the University of Oxford.

so to town. Your father is very vigorous, I gather; and I should suppose, hopeful. I feel it all very long, and slow, but the situation is better than this time last year. And there are some signs of hope. Above all, the drawing in of the Irish into English political life goes on amain.

In 1889 Mr. Gladstone's eldest son, who had struggled for some years against serious illness, was again very ill. The opening paragraph of the following letter refers to this.

The Parnell Commission, which had begun on 17th September 1888, had reached its most intense moment on 21st February 1889, when Pigott, who had supplied *The Times* newspaper with forged letters which he alleged to be by Mr. Parnell, appeared as a witness. Next day, under Sir Charles Russell's cross-examination, he broke down and ultimately fled the country. He committed suicide at an hotel in Madrid on the following 1st March, as detectives entered his room to arrest him. The episode was, as Lord Morley says, 'a sharp mortification' to the Conservative and Unionist Government then in power, which had relied on the truth of the charges brought against Irish Nationalism by *The Times*.



EBBESBORNE WAKE, SALISBURY [1889].

Are you in trouble again? I was greatly comforted for you, by your last letter, telling how entirely all had passed away. But now a little difficulty has, I fear, come back. But his strength, and his youth, and his heartiness, and his simplicity may toss it all off, I trust. Such gallops we have here—over the infinite Downs! Grass for miles and miles, and four horses. A little Oxford party for ten days, and glorious riding. It has restored me: I feel wonderfully well, for me. But it ends, alas! to-morrow.

One day, careering after the hounds, we found Lady Pembroke—who had lost them, as we had never found them. We talked of *you*. Yes! And Pigott, and *The Times*, and Sir Charles Russell. It has been so amazing a revolution that even now we only seem to have realised half of it. I have never known a more exciting moment than that of Pigott's break-down. It was one of those incredible events, when fiction sinks fathom-deep by the side of truth. And the stern Judgment-Lines start out that bring lies to an end. A besom of Justice suddenly sweeps the board. In a world where everything seems tangled, and no truth seems able to free itself from falsehood—it is staggering to find oneself face to face with an absolutely clear issue. There is generally so much truth in every lie—one hardly knows what to do with a lie that is a lie. And then, when the Judgment does not slowly unravel itself, but breaks in like a

thunder-bolt, with every emphasis that dramatic horror could heap upon it—it is still harder to keep one's head. But what a comfort to feel how impotent is falsehood!—to feel what a fool a liar is! It has been a solemn and a fortifying experience. And there is more yet. Not half the effect has yet taken place. The shattering of the *entire* case is far beyond what I had ever dreamed of. I counted on far uglier matters coming up. Why not? We had made such the typical matter of Irish history. I rub my eyes—I can hardly believe them. The present Speech seems to me superb in its width and tone.

I have been reading *John Ward*<sup>1</sup> at last. How brilliantly clever the detail! But a hopeless main situation! It is one more desperate instance of the hideous wrongness of treating these problems in novels. It is pitiful that Helen should be left in that absurd girlish condition of thought, right to the end. It is just what everybody says, *before* they have thought about it. And she never advances a jot beyond it. The Rector is exceedingly clever.

Your paper!<sup>2</sup> what a wretch I am? I never wrote! and now, I cannot recall definitely enough what I meant to say. I remember a lot of interesting things said—turning up—suggested. A sense of a whole crop of delicious hares all starting at once, still, as of old, hung about me.

<sup>1</sup> *John Ward, Preacher*, by Margaret Deland.

<sup>2</sup> An article by Mrs. Drew in the *Nineteenth Century* on 'The Housing of Books.'

But then, you meant to start a crop, you will say. Still I plead for a definite climax—a positive result. Is this shameless? I go to London. Saw — yesterday — with odd-faced husband.

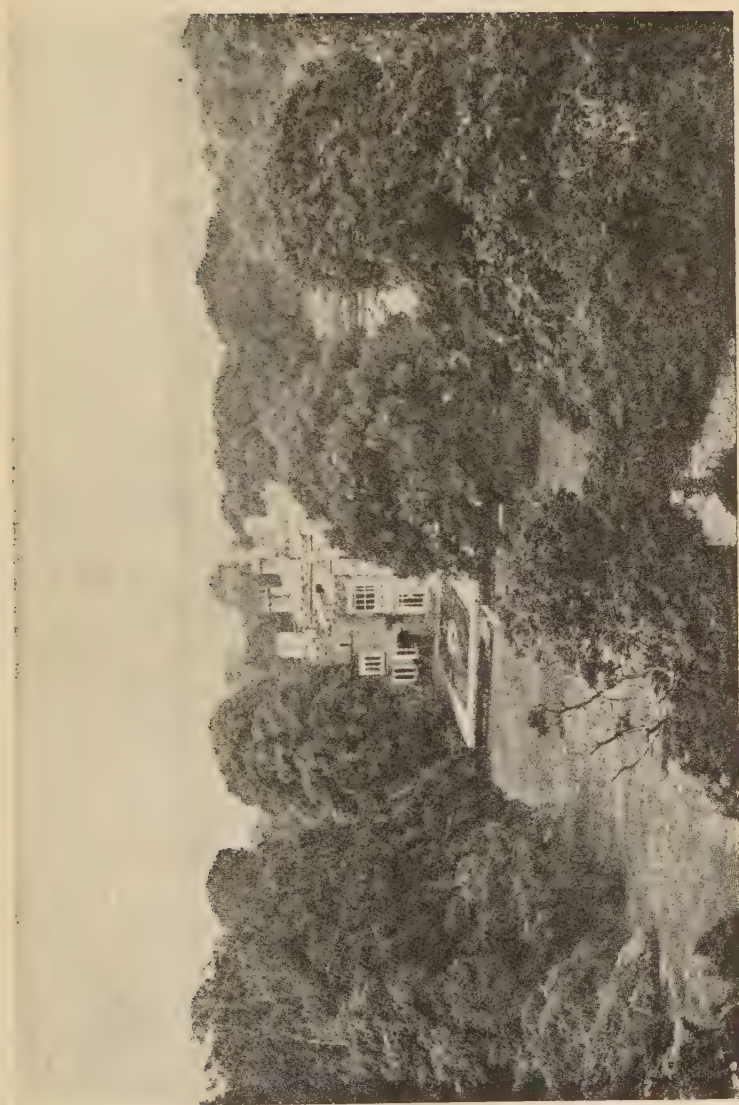
Dr. Holland was at Hawarden in this year, and had apparently for the first time come across Charles Kingsley's ballad *Lorraine*; it struck him very much, and he wrote it out at the conclusion of the following letter.

TYN-Y-BRYN, 1889.

I have tried to remember 'Lorraine.' Barum (pronounced Baroom, I suppose) is full of the destiny-gallop of Vindictive.

I had a delicious visit to Hawarden—one of those I have loved best of all. Your father's splendid buoyancy is a memory and a possession for life. Your cold was the only sorrow—I trust, it is better. Thank you endlessly.

On August 13, 1889, the London dock labourers struck work, demanding sixpence an hour as their lowest wage, and four hours as the shortest time of a docker's engagement. Under the masterly guidance of Mr. John Burns, they won their fight, and the strike ended on September 16th. The Bishop of London, Dr. Temple, with the Lord Mayor, Cardinal Manning, Sir John Lubbock, and Mr. Sydney Buxton, formed a conciliation



HAWARDEN CASTLE

*Chidley*



committee, and a compromise was arranged with the leaders. The men would have none of it. Bishop Temple returned to his broken holiday in Wales, but Cardinal Manning and the other members of the committee resumed the work of negotiation and brought the strike to an end.

1 AMEN COURT, Oct. 1889.

I am so deeply glad to hear your news. It is a joy of joys. It would be so blessed a boon to you, I know. And more and more, each year, one learns the immortal wonder of a child. It is the one undying miracle, besides the Eucharist—the *new* life of the baby—the *new* life of the Body. Between those two miracles, our life is suspended. May God, of His good mercy, bring all to pass, in peace.

I was so grateful for your letter. We had suffered such an abyss of silence to yawn between us. And I love your letters. But I know that when we meet, it will be as of old.

I long to talk yards and yards about the Strike; and of how we got the Bishop up; and how noble he was while he was here; and then, the collapse of his retreat. His honesty was too severely outraged by the men throwing them over. He left it to the good Cardinal to go on believing in them. I *was* bitterly grieved.

There will be an ugly winter of distress. But the lift up has been heroic: and all to the good. Much talk some day, hurrah!! Do you know



## 134 A FORTY YEARS' FRIENDSHIP

that I think I am really *better* in the head this year ?

To this time belongs the following letter which is undated.

[1889.]

I am charged with admiration for Richmond's <sup>1</sup> book, *Christian Economics*. I am sending you a copy. I cannot but think it most noble, true, real, eloquent, with an inspiring moral force about it. Ruskin ought to read it. If your father could be persuaded to look at it, he might love it, I think. Justice, the Law of Exchange. Love, the Law of Distribution. The Blessing of Labour. The Moral of Monopoly. All first-rate.

Mrs. Drew's daughter, Dorothy, was born on March 11, 1890, and a letter telling him the news and asking him to be the baby's godfather, caught Dr. Holland at Naples, on his return from a holiday in the East : he telegraphed immediately on March 19, 1890 :—'Con anima.—HOLLAND.' And he wrote :—

NAPLES, *March 21, 1890.*

Oh, Mary ! I am so happy ! I had got nervous, and anxious : and I was so far away that I could not write because anything said might be so antiquated before it arrived. And now, it all

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. Canon Wilfrid John Richmond, formerly Tutor of Keble College, Oxford, whose book, referred to above, was published in 1889.

seems so good, and beautiful ! and I kissed with joy your dear little scrap (this does not mean the baby, but the bit of paper ; but I should love to kiss the other ‘ scrap ’ too). How very good of you to write yourself, and ask me ! And it will be the most delicious task that I could be possibly given—only that it will be no task at all ; for I shall only have to watch at work one whom I would rather study in the character of a *mother* than any one in the world, I think.

How you will love it ! God be praised for His great mercies ! I cannot write—for just at this moment my head is tired to death with the remains of that awful sea !

But my views about camels remain unchanged by my visit to the East.

Naples, I see that I saw when I was very sick. It is not so bad as I fancied. . . . We will talk ! How we will talk !

GAYTON LODGE, WIMBLEDON  
[May 1890].

How I long to see the little creature ! and to talk endlessly to you ! In the meantime, what so appropriate as *Flannel* ? Is not that knowing of me ? It is from Cairo—close to the very bulrushes in which the tiny baby Moses was taken by the lady—it might have been the very flannel in which he was wrapped ! It is soft and warm, and may carry with it, folded round the little white body, all the wisdom of the Egyptians. And, in it, is a little blue mummy relic—from the tombs at Thebes. So old, that

even if she sucks it, I don't think the blue will come off—a gift from the swaddled dead of thousands of years ago, to the swaddled living of to-day. It was delightful to hear such wonderful news of you! My best and warmest love to D. M. C.<sup>1</sup> I must see her toes soon—so curled up like rosebuds, and every one of them on!

I am just off to St. Paul's. I send a little glowing colour from Cairo to you—to show that the friendship between us can never fade or lose its warmth.

1 AMEN COURT [June 1890].

I did, didn't I, write my thanks for the photograph? Yes, of course! How stupid of me! I thought so! And yet a wild crazy suspicion seized me that, in my real joy over it, I had forgotten to mention it. It is so characteristic. Most mothers look out with comfortable pride, saying, 'Look! this is *my* baby!' But *this* mother stoops reverentially over the sacred gift as if hardly daring to claim so precious a thing. This was delightful to me.

And the white cataract of the baby, streaming over the edge, like a gleaming Stoubbach—a waterfall of white garments, with sweet little hands rolled up like ferns in Spring. Give those hands my best love, and a kiss:

I had a luncheon with George Russell and Morley<sup>2</sup> yesterday, very bright and good.

<sup>1</sup> Dorothy Mary Catharine, the Christian names of his god-daughter.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Morley of Blackburn.

I have been thinking so often of our delicious time with the Dean at Manchester. How we enjoyed him! And, behind all his foibles, how we liked him for his good heart! He will be in pause from that hurrying restlessness to-day.<sup>1</sup> This is peaceful to remember. R.I.P.!

TYN-Y-BRYN, BETTWS-Y-COED.  
[October 1890].

Most grateful for Scotch news. But I gather that things are *desperately bad* with Lady R.<sup>2</sup> Most pitiful!

I enjoyed greatly the second and third speeches—the fourth was most racy and vigorous. The first a little disappointed me. It was not an *important* speech, was it? It did not, I mean, make any obvious difference to the situation. I felt that we should all leave off, after reading it, just where we were. Afterwards, he seemed to get into swing, and was full of freshness and youthful gaiety, and boyish alertness. And the warning to the Democracy was the one bit in his grand manner—very fine.<sup>3</sup>

Much interested in George R.<sup>4</sup>

‘Grossly, morally indecent’ is perhaps a better

<sup>1</sup> John Oakley, D.D. (1834-1890), Dean of Manchester from 1883, died 10th June 1890.

<sup>2</sup> Hannah, Lady Rosebery, who died 19th November 1890.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Gladstone had spoken in Scotland on 21st, 23rd, 25th, 27th, and 29th October, chiefly on Home Rule and other Irish questions.

<sup>4</sup> The reference is apparently to a criticism by Mr. George Russell of some unsympathetic articles on Cardinal Newman by his former friend, the late Rev. A. W. Hutton.

phrase than *dishonest*. Certainly, he did not propose an act which he himself considered dishonest. No! I do not think Hutton is very straight in that sense. The difficulty was to get him to see the shadiness. Quite true! But it did embody a moral misjudgment: and G. R. allows that this might include a moral misjudgment, or a morally indecent judgment, of Cardinal Newman.

However, we shall not get G. R. beyond what he has now said. Alas! I *cannot* get to lunch! And it *is* my writing-case! Might it travel here? It is delicious to hear of any one so fresh as Furse.

My best love to the speechless Queen on the floor.

On November 17, 1890, the prospects of the Irish cause were, for the time, gravely injured by the condemnation of the Irish leader, Mr. Parnell, as co-respondent in a divorce suit. Mr. Gladstone on November 24th wrote a letter to Mr. Morley to be shown to Mr. Parnell, indicating firmly and courteously that his continuance in the leadership of the Irish party was impossible. The story of the writing of the letter is vividly told by Lord Morley in his *Reminiscences* (i. pp. 260 *et seq.*), and its importance in the political history of the time is judged by him in his *Life of Mr. Gladstone* (ii. pp. 674-685).

1 AMEN COURT [Nov. 1890].

I am so proud, and high, and triumphant, that I must write a word to say so.

That letter to Morley is so reticent, and dignified, and pathetic—labouring to plead with a stone—so patient over the whole bitter ending of a great hope—it has made me feel as if the disaster were well worth having at the price of this stand for Purity. It is matter for which to give thanks, as one walks, and eats, and sleeps.

It is a perpetual food for strength. I long to tell him how deep are our thanks, but he knows it.

He abstains from condemning, himself, the evil done. Perhaps, if one minute word could have suggested what one knew that he felt, it would have been perfect. But there were obvious reasons for resting the whole act on the *public*, political issues involved. And it was a letter to be seen by Parnell himself. I can understand. God bless him ! That is our desire.

1 AMEN COURT

(Undated, but apparently 1891).

Think of your coming across dear Alice Blunt's <sup>1</sup> photographs ! We loved her so. She was one of the great delights of my boyhood—a brilliant, beautiful, elf-like creature—fresh as dew, and as gay and plucky as a young breeze in spring. How did you meet them ? And how had she got old photographs ? We *must* meet. And *Dossie* ! My best love to her two feet !

<sup>1</sup> Sister of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, later Mrs. Wheatley.



In 1891 Dr. Holland, in collaboration with W. S. Rockstro the eminent musician, published a Life of Jenny Lind (*Jenny Lind the Artist*). An abridged edition appeared in 1893. Dr. Holland had previously published an article on 'Jenny Lind' in *Murray's Magazine* for January 1888, which was reprinted in his *Personal Studies*.

1 AMEN COURT [1891].

I could not resist sending you *Jenny Lind*. It is a mixed book, very ; but it at least records a noble woman's life, and you may like that.

There is a wild and glorious appeal from Glenalmond<sup>1</sup> gone in to your father—the Jubilee—and he the living Founder! Unique event! If only he could be there! But, of course, just now nothing can be said or done. It is beautiful to think of! How good that he is getting well so quickly! We shall meet again some day.

Do you trip to town?

1 AMEN COURT [1891].

How is it possible to convey to Mr. Cust<sup>2</sup> the indignant disgust that burns in me at the *brutality* with which the *P. M. G.* is handling the name of Jenny Lind?

Is *hers* a name which deserves to have it suggested that she might have run off to Paris with a Tenor, and then we should never have

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Gladstone was present and spoke at the jubilee of Glenalmond College on 1st October in this year.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Henry Cust, then editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

had this fuss about her? Would Mr. Cust like his mother's name to be tossed about in jibes and sneers of that stamp?

Does he understand that, for every soul who knew and loved her, Jenny Lind stands with the nearest, and tenderest, and dearest? And that these things sting, as if a man had lashed a sister of ours with a whip?

She was an artist of artists, and would be far above being touched by the silly and gross ignorance of her musical and artistic calibre, which is displayed when she is classed with Patti, and old libels of her failing at Paris are dug up again. Any musician, who knew her, could afford to laugh at this stupid misjudgment of her powers.

But the *P. M. G.* does all it can to imply that we are ignoring questions of her genius and art, in order to fuss over a school-girl morality, and, on this score, thinks it well to scoff at her purity, to sneer at her idealism, to laugh at her belief in her mission, at her beneficence, at her lofty nobility. It does all it can to belittle and to outrage her memory. In the pretended interests of *Art*, it lets loose the worst and most degraded worldliness, to drag down into the mud one of the noblest, and sweetest, and most lovely ideals of greatness which this generation has inherited.

I expected it in the *Dwarf* or the *Hawk*. It is a bitter sorrow to me to find it in a paper to which we once looked for honourable judgment.

1 AMEN COURT [*Summer 1891*].

Your letter filled me with dismay ! To think [of] you standing helpless in the mud and rain—cab-less—'bus-less—luncheon-less ! It is horrid !

The mistake lies with my mother ! I understood from her that she had told you I was out midday ; but that *tea* was right. So when your postcard came late on Saturday, I thought it had crossed my mother's information, and looked for you ardently at tea ! Oh, dear ! And now we shan't talk ! I am so sorry.

I have seen Mrs. Horner twice—once dining with her—'no party, of course, only ourselves'—but with *everybody* there, Ribblesdales, Pembrokes, Alfred, Bowens—wicked, but very nice.

And yesterday she came to tea to meet —, <sup>1</sup> on view for Mells. She is *most* cordial, and fresh, and delightful. . . . My love to the best of babies. How delighted I am at your delight in Thring. <sup>2</sup>

'Browne of Cat's,' <sup>3</sup> by the by, is a capital addition to us.

1 AMEN COURT [*Sept. 1891*].

The baby and the dog are delicious. My best love to both—and I hope to make amends for much to my child in God. The disastrous news of the baby at Leeds, that you sent me, filled me with

<sup>1</sup> A clergyman suggested for the benefice of Mells.

<sup>2</sup> *A Memory of Edward Thring*, by J. H. Skrine.

<sup>3</sup> Dr. George Forrest Browne, formerly Fellow of St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, became Canon of St. Paul's, 1891, later Bishop of Stepney, 1895-1897, and of Bristol, 1897-1914.

horrified amazement.<sup>1</sup> A fusion of Ted and me sounded portentous. But May now reassures me: the baby has abandoned the ruinous experiment, and has settled down into a different and more felicitous type.

HELMSLEY [*Autumn 1891*].

Yes! The 26th—I will come. A general long talk, I gather—with a flavour of wholesome advice—to the young Apollos<sup>2</sup>—with an indistinct implication that if they use Indian Clubs long enough, they will find themselves in the bosom of the Catholic Church? I did indeed receive the little book. Did I not thank you? I loved best of all that perfect photograph of him—so like, so simple, yet so full of noble dignity and pathos. It is beautiful. Thank you so warmly for thinking of sending it. I go to Leeds to-morrow.

The next letter deals with the question which, above all others, was nearest Dr. Holland's heart—Purity. His correspondent had decided that it was a duty to speak in public on the question. The letter is undated, but seems to belong to 1892.

<sup>1</sup> The baby was Gilbert Walter Lyttelton Talbot, youngest son of the present Bishop of Winchester, then Vicar of Leeds, born 1st September 1891, and killed in action in Flanders, 30th July 1915. He was beautifully commemorated by Dr. Holland in *The Commonwealth*, September 1915. In his first weeks of life he had been said to resemble his eldest brother, E. K. Talbot, and Dr. Holland.

<sup>2</sup> A Young Men's Society at Hawarden, for which Canon Drew was responsible.

I have lingered : I had little time : it was hard to decide. Only, I thank you, from the bottom of my heart, for the fortifying force of your own conviction. For you stagger me, by telling me of the firm and high-minded people who arrive at the counter-conclusion. It astounds me, I own.

Every principle that dignifies, and moralises, and hallows marriage seems to me shattered. It sinks to the mere level of a legalised condescension to passion. Oddly enough, at the Purity Society Council on Friday, the subject came up rather violently and terribly : and the chief letter read to us, on the Anti-Malthusian side, was from Arthur Lyttelton, in connection with his old paper.

I should have thought that the degradation to the man, if he knew and agreed to it—would be equal to the degradation of the woman, if she concealed it from him.

But you are clear, dear friend. That *is* a comfort, an immense comfort. We must somehow get the whole principle of marriage clear—and then follow it down to the details. We stuck to it, at the Purity Council, that it was necessary and vital to do this—to *formulate* the directive laws which should guide.

People are evidently in great chaos : and the difficulties of the varied and complicated situations, which are possible, most real and powerful.

And *you* ? Are you to have the horrible



burden of testifying? I suppose there are always two factors that decide when this ought to be done: (1) The indications given by outer circumstances: these are always to be waited for, and they are, hardly ever, to be *forced*, unless under positive inward guidance, which overbears obvious and certain risk of damaging the Lord's cause by self-insertion. (2) One's *inward readiness* to use the circumstance. This is all one can generally affect, for oneself. If it is one's probable duty to testify, when occasion offers—then everything depends on being perfectly prepared to do so; and one prepares, and has the words at hand, so that they will issue easily, under light pressure from without. That is what you mean, now, is it not? Shall you be *ready* to speak, definitely, when outer occasions *invite* it? They will always prompt, but shall you be in an electric state of ready response?

And if this is what you mean, then I should think strongly that you are just the person to speak: you would be an unmeasured help to many, who would trust *you* beyond most; you are in a position to do it: you would be believed: you have convictions, intuitions, readiness, sympathy—quick, happy touch, a living experience, a wide knowledge of men and women. Few could do it better: God direct you in all wisdom and courage.

There were some points not said by your father, of course: but I loved it, and loved him for it, heart and soul. It was beautiful.



The year 1892 opened sadly with the death of Prince Albert Victor, eldest son of the then Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII., and brother of the present King, on January 14th, at Sandringham. He was to have been married to his cousin, Princess Victoria Mary of Teck (now Queen Mary) on the following February 27th. Cardinal Manning died on the same day as the Prince, and his death made a wide gap in English public life.

1 AMEN COURT, *Jan.* 1892.

I was so grieved to find that it was true; and that you were in a dark passage of life for a bit. A tunnel always seems so hideously long when one is going through it. Five minutes is like a huge night, especially when it stops one in the middle of the best article in the *Spectator*—as it always does—selecting that very article with malicious precision. And you are always in the middle of every possible article and book, and your black tunnel is longer than many nights.

You will catch some glimpse into the deep patience, and delicate peace, of the blind. You will take a study of their ways. And tell us what it means, when it is over. And it will be over soon—won't it?

And your poor sister at Wellington! How is she? I have thought so often of her. These are the cruel trials which break hearts and spirits. It must seem so hard to both of them, to be made

to bear the weight of the storm, for which they could be so little answerable.<sup>1</sup>

And then, the great public woes ! And that poor bride at Sandringham ! It is desperately pitiful. I hear to-day, through her brothers, that the most broken of all is the Prince of Wales.

God be good to us all ! Please let Harry read to you the best book in the world—*At Sundry Times*—Miss Benson.

20 EATON SQUARE, S.W., March [1892].

Oh, dear ! My poor Mary ! This is a tough bit of news. The tunnel is very long—longer than Mont Cenis—longer than St. Gothard—long as Sir Watkin's<sup>2</sup> Channel Tunnel will be when it is made ! I am so very very sorry. But you will curl out in bits into the daylight, won't you ? Not all Underground, but a sort of Ealing and Acton District Railway that flashes out into larger and larger openings ; and, at last, may call itself underground if it chooses, but in reality is sailing away merrily past hedge-rows, and fields, and woods, and daisies, just as well as any other line. How I hope so ! And how I wish we had met ! I cannot get away now, I fear—Lent ties me in tight. So many things there are to talk about ! And your wonderful father ! Was anybody ever half so well before ?

<sup>1</sup> A serious outbreak of diphtheria had occurred at Wellington College.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Edward Watkin (1819-1901), a railway promoter who ardently but unsuccessfully endeavoured to get a tunnel made under the English Channel to connect Dover with Calais.

It is noble. And I gather that Mrs. Gladstone is far better than she was.

Will you look at Wilfrid Richmond's verses? Would B.-J.<sup>1</sup> like to see them? they are solemn and lofty. May you drink in all comfort and help! God ever bless you! My best love to Dorothy.

<sup>1</sup> Sir E. Burne-Jones.

## CHAPTER IV

1892-1899

Suggestions of Preferment—*Edward Strachan*—Sunday Observance—The General Election—Liberalism and Labour—*The Commonwealth*—A Thankoffering—Archbishop Benson's Death—Home-Life at Hawarden—Mr. Gladstone's Last Illness—'The Old Lion'—Mr. Gladstone's Death—Reparation—Mr. Gladstone's Grave—A Full Week.

PARLIAMENT was dissolved on June 28, 1892, and the General Election resulted in a majority of forty for Mr. Gladstone. On August 15th he kissed hands as First Lord of the Treasury. Alone among English statesmen, he had now been four times Prime Minister. It was inevitable that Dr. Holland should be marked out by popular opinion for preferment by the new Government. Indeed the writer of the unsympathetic notice of Dr. Holland which appeared in *The Times* on his death went the length of asserting that he was offered the See of Norwich in 1893. The statement was untrue, and the letter which follows shows Dr. Holland's attitude: in him, as in his friends at St. Paul's, Dean Church, and Dr. Liddon, there was the true Tractarian note of shrinking from preferment.

Dr. Liddon's words to Dr. Bright express the position: 'I do not think that an offer of mere preferment to higher dignity and larger income constitutes any claim on the conscience; and on this point the old Tractarian feeling, as on so many others, is profoundly opposed—at least as I have understood it—to that commercial view of the higher offices in the Church which was very sincerely held by the old Latitudinarians. In the army it is natural enough that a captain should be uneasy until he is a major, and a major until he is a colonel, and a colonel until he is a general. "But ye shall not be so" is surely our Master's rule; and the craving for preferment which prevails so largely among the English clergy is one of the secrets of our moral weakness as an order.' (Letter of March 7, 1886, *Life of Dr. Liddon*, p. 320.)

I AMEN COURT, 1892.

I hear of a wail—which I understand. Old ————. <sup>1</sup> I often and often think how to dispose of him. But it is not so easy. Still, I do remember. *Now*, I am going to be ferociously conceited, and to say a most daring and silly thing. I shall rely on *your* understanding me. I do it trembling. If, at any time, in days to come, there should by chance or incident(al)ly, arise any conceivable discussion

<sup>1</sup> The name was that of a rector of an important town parish.

as to whether it would be good to move me from St. Paul's—would you do *your very utmost as my friend*, to explain that *this* is just about the one and only post that I can hope to fill with any satisfaction? *It is just exactly right.* My health, my head, forbid everything except a thing such as I am here. Everything fits—allows for me—just hits it off. It would be such a sorrow to refuse anything that your father might want, that I beg you to keep watch on my behalf, and to save me the pain. I am certain I am right. And a word from you would just stop all discussion. It is horrid of me even to think it might happen, but I cannot help being frightened, lest, in chucking about names, and failing here, and being bothered there, your father's extraordinary kindness to me might make my name occur to him. It would be a real mercy if you could, on any such accidental occasion, cram a stopper on it at once. *Will you, please?* As it is, I owe it to your father that I am planted down in the only spot in the Church where I can manage to scrape through the duties without a ridiculous failure, and yet ease myself whenever I need it, and be absolutely happy. Nothing could, possibly, be half as good for me, as this Canonry. And forgive all egotism in this—I feel that you are the one person who can understand, and might, by chance, help.

GAYTON LODGE, WIMBLEDON  
[November 1892].

You will thank God for the wonderful joy of



having your two beautiful old folk—ever in the background of your life, overshadowing, sheltering, blessing.

And your book!<sup>1</sup> What do you think? I picked it up yesterday at Amen Court, and read it Underground (the greatest physical sin I can commit!) and so forgot myself that I shot round to Paddington, instead of getting out at Gloucester Road for Putney Bridge! It took me ages to get back! And still I read, though I knew it was desperately wrong. And I finished it last night: and this morning I am a real wreck. So there! you and it have triumphed. The result is that I *must* not write more now, or my head will disappear. But it is powerful and absorbing. Some of it quite first rate. And it thrills. I am miserable this morning—as it settles down, the old awful cloud.

What I should say is—that it is every man's plain duty just now—*not* to omit the qualifying mercies. We have exhausted our power of anguish and indignation; and we are left with the sense of *impotence* which paralyses, or maddens. We *must* face the thing with all seriousness such as *action* requires; and that involves counting up all our resources. And these are more than this book allows. He is still in the condition one is at the start—looking on—watching the horrible spectacle—touching its first chill. Go deeper, and it betters. There is more doing than you think at first: there is more joy and relief than

<sup>1</sup> *The Redemption of Edward Strachan* by W. H. Dawson.

you could dream possible. The children of the slums ! how they leap and dance ! The intense affection of the wild girls for those who help !

The Churches ! they are not all shut, and dismal. In Hoxton itself, five at least I know, open, warm, with a multitude of tender, happy kindnesses moving round them, and Sisters moving in and out, etc.

It is *so* bad—the evil case—that we *must* keep our eyes on the good, in order to avoid going mad. It is enough to save us from despair. I have had a cousin living in quite as bad a yard as Strachan did—in the wildest bit of Charterhouse. And there are others all about. And those most within tell a different tale : they are the least despairing.

Bannerman and the Chapel are too vile : they are overdone. The Tights are *admirable*. The dear old mother quite beautiful. Thank you with all my heart for it. . . .

1 AMEN COURT, E.C. [1893].

Are you really here ? or there ? or where ?

I have ventured to send down a little Blue Boy of my own to play with Dossie in the garden. She can stick him up a tree for the birds to make a nest in, or feed the duck with him, or bury him underground for the worms. He won't mind.

The next letter refers to the intention of Mr. Drew, who had been an assistant-curate at

Hawarden since his ordination as deacon in September 1888, to gain a more extended knowledge of the Church's work, and with this object he arranged to take a term of duty at St. Saviour's Church, Claremont, near Capetown. He proposed to travel with the Rev. J. W. Williams, now Bishop of St. John's, Kaffraria.

CULDEES, MUTHILL, PERTHSHIRE, N.B.  
[September 1893].

Here for a week.

This is rather a thrill. So much is to the good. The experience of just touching the Colonies is becoming more vitally precious every day. Even six months would give new eyes—new mind—new sensitiveness—new range—new judgment. It is wonderful. Claremont is not exactly exciting in type: but still it would be pure, unmitigated gain.

Williams would suit admirably. He would be appreciative, most pleasant, domestic, intelligent, affectionate, pliable, keen.

Then, I suppose it would be a kindly and easy way of making a break at Hawarden for Harry.

And you would help the two parent-birds through the Session. A priceless boon! We could go to the country with the cry of 'Dossie and Home Rule.' It would make an immense difference. There remains the agony. The disruption at Hawarden. The parting from you. This is horrid. I can hardly speak of this. Only these times really fly fast.

And soldiers and sailors do it without winking. Still, they are ordered to go ; while, here, you partly *choose* to do it. This is a real difference. And with but one dear child, it is serious. There ought, indeed, to be no special risk in it ; but then any six months hold their risks inside them. And, if anything disastrous did happen, you would feel miserable.

Ought we to *trust* in these things ? and face the fact that risks there must be. I feel clear that if all went right you would be delighted, when it was over, that it had been done. The long stay at Hawarden demands a real outbreak of some kind for Harry, if it can be had. And the conditions seem to be excellently favourable in themselves. There ! That is as far as I can say !

1 AMEN COURT, 1898.

I had no idea Mr. — pushed so much. I suppose most of the *best* clergy are engaged in defending their Church. That is the *crux* of the situation. But you will see. I only wished to mention the name. He is good, I think.

Yes, I meant Hoskyns<sup>1</sup> for a bishopric. He would be quite excellent. Of far more force and go than *e.g.* —. He is winning a capital position in East London ; and it would be a pity to move him quite yet, perhaps. But there he is.

<sup>1</sup> Then Rector of Stepney ; consecrated Bishop of Burnley, 1901 (on the nomination of Dr. Moorhouse, then Bishop of Manchester), translated to Southwell, on the recommendation of Mr. Balfour, 1904.

Monday was extraordinary<sup>1</sup>—so quiet, restrained, placable, and dignified. He never let himself go, and I longed for a burst. But it would have ruined the artistic effect of the beautiful smoothness of the whole. The last bit was *most* pathetic, and brought tears into my eyes. I cannot thank you enough for the delicious treat. The only blow is that absurd cock-pit of a House—stuffed, and petty, and horribly close-quartered—which makes all sense of historic dignity impossible. It was a wonderful feat to have not let loose one single word that could hurt a fly.

Good-bye, with most grateful thanks. . . .

And J. Knowles begged me to come to-morrow !  
And I couldn't. Woe !

Mr. Gladstone made his last speech in the House of Commons on Thursday, 1st March 1894, and resigned office on 3rd March. He was succeeded as Prime Minister by Lord Rosebery.

The request for literature as to the question of Sunday observance, which is answered in the next letter, was for Mr. Drew in South Africa.

GAYTON LODGE, WIMBLEDON,  
[*March 1894*].

Oh ! Dossie ! my poor Miss Dorothy Drew !  
So it is the measles after all ! How shocking ! as Dossie said to the gardeners. How is the little lady ? Is she miserable ? And are you shut

<sup>1</sup> It has proved impossible to identify the allusion here.

away from the great human brotherhood ? And for how long ?

Mercifully the parent-birds are on the wing. I trust they get away safe. I am so sorry for you—just in the move. I have not found anything for Harry on Sunday. So stupid of me ! But I cannot drop on it. A sermon of Gore's at Westminster Abbey is very good : ' Thou shalt labour on six days, in order to rest from it on the seventh ' is capital. Especially as he finds in the 4th Commandment the principle that ' every one should count for one, and no one for more than one '—which is the cry with which the Government are to go to the country. Church Congress Papers are buried in Church Congress Reports. Otherwise Hoskyns was very good at Folkestone on Recreation, touching on Sunday, and denouncing Maidenhead with vehemence. There is a Phillimore Paper for E. C. U. on the *extreme* side against the Protestant Sunday. The vital principle is the breach into the routine of materialistic interests, and the leisure for the wings of the soul. The time has come to *insist* on Sunday from the Catholic side—don't you think ?

Who will do Patronage ? Does Rosebery ask you ? Is it right to know ? I have wild pleas from Hereford for a strenuous Churchman.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Atlay, then Bishop of Hereford, was known to be seriously ill, and his resignation appears to have been expected. The See, however, was not vacant till the bishop died on the following 24th December.



And Spencer.<sup>1</sup> Is Othello's occupation gone? Alas! poor Othello! I go to Bettws-y-Coed on Saturday.

In the latter part of May Mr. Gladstone underwent an operation for cataract. A reference to this appears in the next letter.

GAYTON LODGE, WIMBLEDON,  
June 1894.

Oh! I should have loved it. But I am only here until Saturday—and every day is *choked*. I had made 'appointments' and there they sit. I had wondered where you were, and how it went. You sound a little anxious still. You told me how varied were the grades of success. Pray tell me as soon as you can. You would be pleased to know that I was assured by a choir boy, as a proof of Mr. Gladstone's power of will, that he had kept his eye closed for three weeks, without requiring a bandage, by the mere force of willing it.

And dear Adelaide,<sup>2</sup> I knew and heard nothing until it was done. How did it come about? He has been a most faithful friend and lover—year after year. He loved Alberic Bertie<sup>3</sup> and me when we were little imps. And ever since, his love has never flagged. He is com-

<sup>1</sup> Earl Spencer was not included in the new Government.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. G. W. Kennion, Bishop of Adelaide since 1882, was translated to Bath and Wells by Lord Rosebery in 1894.

<sup>3</sup> The Rev. the Hon. Alberic Edward Bertie, third son of the 6th Earl of Abingdon.

pact with goodness. Most sound-hearted, quite transparent, and true, and very taking. He has made a first-rate Bishop out there. He has become a stronger Churchman. I delight in him as a companion. He would run with Rochester—with a bit more Churchmanship. Young for his age, active, kindly, pleasant. Not a Home Ruler, nor a Radical, nor a Socialist. I should say human, and good, and safe, and sound. Very humble—and sweet-tempered.

My love to Dossie. Pray remember me to your mother. How is she ?

Parliament was dissolved on 8th July 1895, and in the General Election which followed 'the Liberal rout was dire and disastrous.' Mr. John Morley lost his seat at Newcastle-on-Tyne. This, and the next letter deal with the situation as Dr. Holland saw it, the rift between the new Labour Party and the older Liberalism.

ERIGMORE, BIRNAM, N.B.,  
July 25, 1895.

I *must* see Dossie ! I own it. And I long to. But I fear it must be later—in October. Might I ? The Bishop has fixed me here over the 4th of August by a sermon, and this reduces my pledged time with the Talbots to a scamped fragment at which already I expect ferocious screams. I *must* get home to my mother, for the anniversary of my brother's death on the 15th. So I am

*boxed*. But if I might hope for a sight of you in the second half of October, it would be a great delight.

How sorrowful about your poor good eye! I do hope that the trouble is passing. And now about the prevailing horror! No! I was prepared, I own, for a good deal. I had quite expected a swinging majority the other way. But this desperate crash into ruins has quite staggered me. I am miserable. John Morley's rejection is a criminal outrage. At present I see no way out but through paths that I dread—through paths that draw to the edge of Revolution. I am inclined to put an immense deal down to the Socialist Revolt. It is not in numbers that we can measure the I.L.P. It means that the entire moral prophetic force that once rose to your father's touch has been sucked out of the older Liberalism by the Socialist movement. And that, instead of helping to inspire and transmute the older party, it has done its very utmost to wreck it. It is, to my mind, a wicked and disastrous policy for Labour. It has landed us in a terrible strait—with the whole of 'Property' ranged, in mass, on the Tory side, against the entire Collectivist Party. With the Radicalism, which might have served to mediate the change, utterly smashed and gone. It is a perilous outlook. The forces that have vanished in the wreck, are (1) *The Radical Capitalist*, and (2) the *Nonconformist*—with his conscience. The Revolt of *Labour* is a revolt against these

*Champions*. It will never be championed by them again. In throwing them out, it has thrown itself out into the wilderness. And what will be the end ? Yet these are the men of *moral* conviction—now : Blatchford, Hardie, T. Mann—that is the trouble. I cannot tell you how profound are my thanks that your father has been spared this—so far as he himself goes. It is sad enough, anyhow, but it would have been too dreadful a tragedy, if its merciless cruelty had fallen upon him.

THE VICARAGE, LEEDS [1895].

Woe ! I can't. I must go home for an anniversary, which fixes me. And I have pledged each day till then. I must hope for October. May and Ted arrived in high glow and glee. But were delighted to be confirmed by your estimate. It was noble.

We had a great talk with some Labour leaders here one night. The talk confirmed me in my belief that, far beyond the actual I.L.P., the influence of the newer Socialism had withdrawn from the older Liberalism its moral inspiration ; so that no prophetic force moved under the traditional watch-cries.

It is strange how repugnant to the new temper is the particular political outfit of familiar Radicalism.

The shift of interest from *political* to social and economic issues has thrown the Radical out of gear. His sturdy individualism, his glorification

of the industrial movement, clash with the first instincts of the new man. His Puritan severity, his middle-class complacency, his comfortable Chapel-going, his suburbanism, all are against him. The new movement has, in the foreground, not the skilled artisan, but the outcast unemployed, the broken, the unskilled, the casual. For these, the vigorous Radical Capitalist has profound contempt.

Thus it comes about that the best instincts now astir all tell heavily against the typical Liberal of the past. He is not the voice of the people, and his claim to be so irritates far more than the mere Tory who never professes it.

I do think it is a serious moment, when the Liberal Party must admit new motives, new spokesmen, new measures, new aims. I go to Gayton Lodge. My best love to Dossie. And, oh! may I have those delicious photos of you and her? I would pay anything. May I get them?

*The Commonwealth*, a monthly magazine, edited by Dr. Holland, was first published in January 1896; its beginnings are seen in the two letters which follow.

THE VICARAGE, LEEDS,  
August 6, 1895.

I longed to be off with the children to-day. It would have been delicious. We shall sit, waiting for their transmitted thrill.

Will you contribute to our new magazine, *The Commonwealth*? It is to be an enlarged *Goodwill* for the general Public, leaving *Goodwill* to localise as a Parish Mag., and adding reviews, etc. It will run on *Goodwill* lines.

Would you not like in the course of next year, to write a short tale? or a fancy picture? or a bevy of reflections? I think there is a public that will buy. We aim at the vast world of creatures for whom *The Young Man* is written. Christian: Social: Church: all that.

We must go on, I suppose, as if nothing had happened. What does your father think of the situation? Did John Morley bring comfort or woe?

It will be a long, slow simmer before we see the shape that will emerge from the smelting-pot.

How is your poor good eye?

You ought to have seen the ecstatic gratitude of May for her ticket.

1 AMEN COURT, ST. PAUL'S [1895].

The magazine is really to come off—we are encouraged. Gore—Shuttleworth—and all sorts of folk. I am struggling for George Russell. Everybody is clear that the *story* is the great thing. There ought to be *one* that runs along through the year—monthly. Now, what could be done for this? Would yours be too short? And, then, we must have the specimen number out by November—with the story begun. Have you any story that could begin at once? This



would be splendid. But, anyhow, if we put circulars about at Church Congress, might we put among promised contributions, 'A story by Mrs. Harry Drew?' This we *greatly* desire. I wonder whether one of Laura's<sup>1</sup> stories would do. That one about the girl in the shop? A beautiful, little tender tale.

As to Lord Acton<sup>2</sup>—first, I refuse the example of Chamberlain. He has thrown in his lot with a party at variance with nearly all his own principles—in order to break one particular bill. He does not hold himself free to back the Government strenuously whenever he agrees with them as, *e.g.* Burns. Then, while allowing the main positions in Politics, which I do with some vigour, I plead that there are certain hours when Politics and Parties are in *transition*. And that, when it is still uncertain into what channels each Party will settle, it is lawful to preserve an independence, and to use it, to press the decision in a certain direction. Lastly, I could agree that the principle was in the main true *within* the Political lines; but we of the magazine are *not* engaged in Politics. Politics are not our prime concern. We are trying to act on a public that may be on *this* side, or on that! And we are pressing one point only: *i.e.* that be your Politics what they may, there is but one standard by which to

<sup>1</sup> The first Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton.

<sup>2</sup> The reference is to a remark by Lord Acton to Mrs. Drew that a political principle should underlie the proposed magazine—*The Commonwealth*.

test them—the social welfare of Labour. Could you answer about the story ?

GAYTON LODGE, WIMBLEDON,  
*Sunday [October 1895].*

It is as I feared. He proposes to *treat* me for cold, and liver. Not much treat for me. Bottles have begun to arrive. It will take a day or two. I am not fit company for a Christian, still less for Dossie. May I hope for Thursday ? If I *could* creep in then, would it be right, or expedient ? I hope I may find myself a new creature by then.

NORMANTON VICARAGE, YORKSHIRE,  
*October [1895].*

I survived my innumerable multitude of changes, and got safe with the cold not worsened. It was quite delicious at Hawarden. I do not think I ever enjoyed such full and constant talks with your father before. It is in my heart that I could not say a word of good-bye to your dear mother, who quite overwhelmed [me] with affection. Will you tell her how deeply I valued it ? I am just off to address some miners under the chairmanship of the good Lord Crewe. Will they listen to a futile black-coat ?

I fear I left a little goldeny pencil in my bedroom. Was it found, I wonder ? On the chimneypiece is where my fond fancy paints it. It might travel alone to 1 Amen, if it turns up. My best love to Dossie, so tumbly and tossy !

Do you think that those articles for the *American Review* are a bit perilous ? I dread a

conflict over eschatology just now. Will they be rather bombs ? <sup>1</sup>

I go to Moberly, Ch. Ch., Oxford, on Saturday till Monday.

*P.S.*—I only spoke of the Future State papers—because, I gathered, they were not *yet* written for the *American Review*. Your father spoke to —— a good deal of what was in his mind. And *he* was perturbed, and wrote most anxiously to me. And afterwards came and talked to me about it. I thought that he had probably got it wrong, but he was positive that he had understood what your father said.

#### I AMEN COURT [1896].

Dossie on wheels is delightful—like a bright summer insect, fluttery, and wispish, and quaint, and winning—just the thing a salmon would rise at, hovering over a sunny pool.

I am that salmon, in a long black coat, rising at the fairy-fly. Her big burly godfather <sup>2</sup> is coming here to dine to-night with me, and shout stories at me.

I am going to venture on a frightful deed of blood. Does your father ever see *The Common-*

<sup>1</sup> An article published in the *North American Review*, April 1896, on 'The Future Life and the Condition of Man Therein,' in which Mr. Gladstone adopted the doctrine commonly called Conditional Immortality, in which 'he labours most sedulously to prove that his theory does not conflict with the mind of the Church as exhibited in the Catholic Creeds.'—G. W. E. Russell on Mr. Gladstone's 'Religious Development' in *The Household of Faith* (ed. 1902), p. 37.

<sup>2</sup> The Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell.

*wealth* ? Is he at all interested in what it represents ? If he were, is it conceivable that he would write us a little letter to say so ?

We really are turning out some good stuff, and it is a serious effort. It just wants attention called to it, otherwise we shall die, after all. Of course, a word or two from him would do it. But I dare not press it. Only, if it happened *naturally*. Perhaps he does not like it at all.

The next letter refers to the window for the west end of Hawarden Church intended by the children of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone as a thank-offering to commemorate the long married life of their parents.

GAYTON LODGE, WIMBLEDON,  
*August 27 [1896].*

I am aching with a bike-grind, and am sore, and bruised, and a rag, and torn, and wounded. So I know you will be pleased to hear of me. I meant to ask you for the letter of that little choir boy, asking for an autograph. He told me he had written, and was in great excitement, though, of course, I had nothing to do with his audacity. I have hardly ever loved a little creature more dearly. He died in May. We buried him, with lovely wailing music from all his little mates. Here is a little poem on him by Dr. Hunt, his godfather (would you send it back ?) It was our first death at the choir school—very sudden—from rheumatic fever. He

was a most bewildering flutter of gaiety and innocence.

It was most delightful to see Hawarden again, and your two noble old people. I have never seen him more splendid, or her more affectionate. It was a memory to hug for life.

As to the window, I tried to talk to Stephen, and to land Burne-Jones. But I think B.-J. ought to give you a *special* design—for such a moment. I half-incline now to the last four verses of the Benedicite—the beautiful call to praise—travelling through all orders and degrees, until it reaches the actual individual souls. O William! O Catherine! (With all your children.) ‘Bless ye the Lord! Praise, magnify Him for ever.’ I did not half see Dossie. That was my sorrow. But I must come when Gilbert<sup>1</sup> is away. . . .

On Sunday, 11th October 1896, Archbishop Benson of Canterbury, who had come on a visit to the castle, died suddenly, during the Absolution at Mattins, in Hawarden Church. To this, and to the subsequent filling of the primacy, this letter refers.

BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL, HERTS,  
November 20 [1896].

It touched my heart to see that queer little letter,<sup>2</sup> with its frank simplicity, and its innocent

<sup>1</sup> Gilbert Talbot, her five-year-old cousin and playmate.

<sup>2</sup> See last letter, and p. 158.

belief that I had him over because he was the only Liberal in the school! That was always a matter of great chaff, and he used to require supplies of argument to fortify him in the belief that, in spite of the overwhelming evidence to the contrary, Mr. Gladstone really was a good man.

I own that I deserve your reproach for my silence. It was bad of me. I was just on the tramp, journeying to Scotland, dodging about in hotels and trains. And when I am away from my sister, it takes me all my time to write the letters that *must* be written.

Still, all this is mere apology. It does not really excuse. It was a tremendous moment, and ought not to have passed in silence between us. I did, as a fact, salve my conscience at the time (for it was distinctly awake) by a faint feeling that I should hear from you, and would answer. But I know what you had to do, and had no real right to expect this. So I only plead for pardon.

It is wonderful how the death kindled the best in people. And your dear mother? I felt that, with the old, the mere shock is softened. I trust she is well. Was it not delicious to learn the entire readiness of Press and Public to see Edward<sup>1</sup> at Lambeth? It quite surprised me. Nothing could have been done, but London.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Talbot, who had been consecrated Bishop of Rochester on 18th October 1895.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Temple, Bishop of London, who succeeded Dr. Benson as Archbishop of Canterbury.



The man who is inevitably chief, must have the chief seat. I tried roughly to say what I thought about the Archbishop in *Commonwealth*.<sup>1</sup> Do you ever see that organ? It really deserves your notice.

THE ABBEY, ABINGDON,  
July 16 [1897].

How touching of you. I had been longing to hear. And, oh! I should love to come. When? When? How long have you got? The only hope that I can see would be to make a wild dash from Oxford, after 'Extension' on August 7th or 6th, before flying to [the] Talbots on August 9th or 10th. Is that conceivable?

I am here in golden gladness, with the Woods<sup>2</sup>—reading W. Johnson's<sup>3</sup> delicious memories of all that was perfect long ago. I go with them to Birket, Clifton Hampden, Abingdon, for Sunday. Then Gayton Lodge.

How does it all feel with you? And Dossie? And the two noble Pillars of the House?

SATIS HOUSE, ROCHESTER [1897].

Your affection and thanks quite overwhelmed me. They are most humiliating, and most

<sup>1</sup> *The Commonwealth*, vol. i. pp. 380-382 (number for November 1896). It has not been reprinted, but a longer and more finished study of the Archbishop which, appearing originally in the *Journal of Theological Studies*, was reprinted in *Personal Studies*.

<sup>2</sup> The Hon. Frederick G. L. Wood, fourth son of Charles, 1st Viscount Halifax, Dr. Holland's close friend from school days.

<sup>3</sup> *Extracts from the Letters and Journals of William Cory*, printed for subscribers, Oxford University Press, 1897.

enheartening. It is a great lift from the dust, to be given such boons.

Hawarden felt more *home-like* to me than ever. This is its special joy. It used to be always the most delightful of guest-houses. But, however delightful, it was a visit. Now, I feel, added to that, the warmth and ease and confidence of a home. Your father's tender kindlinesses seem to become more wonderful than ever. And your mother's motherliness yet more bewitching and enfolding. I have never loved the whole environment (ugly word) more heartily. I cannot think of it without your presence in it. It made me feel the change to be acutely critical, all the more because everything went on as if no change would ever really happen.<sup>1</sup>

But I felt also the keen pleasure you had in Harry's work, and in your own there, and in the great venture being made, and in the life that called to you to succour it. It will be an inspiring start.

Poor Burne-Jones. It was about Richmond's design for the quarter-domes, which is perilously like his own at Rome. B.-J. feels it bitterly ; but he has now met Richmond, and they have talked it out, and I trust for peace.

Oh ! the picture ! I will face the worst. But what about a replica ? Would not that satisfy the situation ? Perhaps with a touch up from the life-study.

<sup>1</sup> The allusion is to the approaching departure of Mr. and Mrs. Drew from Hawarden Castle for Buckley Vicarage, some three miles away.

Here all is *very good*. Edward preaching with vivid, dramatic force; and she—so well and bright.

1 AMEN COURT [November 1897].

It *was* such a blow not to see you at Eccles.<sup>1</sup> But I was a hopeless *Wreckles*. So we should only have sneezed together. Still, in amends, I am going to be bold enough to send you a photograph, to oust a horror you possess. At least, the evil is reduced within compass in this. Will you mind taking it?

On 19th November 1897, Dr. Holland's mother died.

GAYTON LODGE, WIMBLEDON,  
November 28 [1897].

Your dear words were balm, for I knew well how much was behind them.

And you are trembling for the dark days that draw so near for you. It made me think so longingly of the two just setting out for the sun of the South—in their beautiful age, in their blessed fellowship, quietly 'stepping westward,' hand in hand. May they both sleep as softly and painlessly and sweetly, as my own dear mother, without a pang of pain, with no 'moaning at the bar.' She dreaded 'farewells,' and she was spared them all. She had hope, and youthfulness, to the end, until she 'turned again home.'

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. the Hon. Arthur T. Lyttelton was Vicar of Eccles, Lancashire, from 1893 to 1898.

Home! That is the word that has been emptied of its blessing. There is no longer any 'home' here. Life is uprooted. 'Strangers and Pilgrims.' Those are the haunting words.

The dear face remained so still and gentle to the very morning of the Burial. That strange, half-amused look of reassurance and content was on it—and we lived with it, and prayed round it, and spoke to it, with infinite comfort.

Alarm ceases, and horror drops away; but the awful *silence* grows deeper and deeper. It is so incredible a thing—that there should be no sign of response at all. Death remains, quite *incredible*. Yet an easy thing, it would seem. Here we are passing into the grim drag of bitter, daily, continuous sadness—as we go about our ways, and miss her always and everywhere. It is the hardest time of all.

At the end of November 1897, Mr. Gladstone, who had been suffering from acute facial neuralgia, had gone with Mrs. Gladstone to Lord Rendel's house at Cannes.

1 AMEN COURT, Jan. 2 [1898].

I keep thinking of your two dear parents in their touching nobility—moving on and on through the waiting days, verifying the rarest of all promises—the perfect beauty of an old age hallowed by Christ. Something of the honour and the peace which St. John first taught the Church to love in the very old, haunts them both.

And it is a great joy to be able to say, 'Much as I admired and loved them in the days of their strength, they were never so entirely gracious as in the very last years of all.'

Age can often draw out our affection, but with something of *pity* for gathering infirmities. It so seldom gathers positive dignity and charm, as the infirmities thicken. My sight of them both last autumn has left such an impression of *beauty* as the dominant note—the beauty of tender serenity. God bless them both, unto the very end!

How about the window? Was it ever settled? I liked the thought of the addition of the grandchildren to the Benedicite, with 'O ye Dossies and Flossies, bless ye the Lord!'

How are you? and plans?

I saw all the Kenningtons<sup>1</sup> yesterday, in wonderful flourish. Most blessed New Year to you and to Harry, and to Dossie!

On March 18, 1898, Mr. Gladstone's illness was pronounced incurable, and he learned that it was likely to end in a few weeks. As soon as the news was known a great tide of intercession began to flow for him.

I AMEN COURT [March, 1898].

Helen<sup>2</sup> tells me the evil news. I fear that you

<sup>1</sup> The Bishop of Rochester (Dr. Talbot) and his family, whose house was in Kennington, S.E.

<sup>2</sup> Miss Helen Gladstone.

were hoping hard for the kind warm months ahead, and it is terrible to face the end, after all. And, I gather, it has to be faced. Oh, dear! Things are so bitterly sad. The length of a life only seems to intensify the loss. The wrench is the worse, through the very amount of the prolonged delay. Yet this increased sorrow is but a measure of the goodness and splendour of the gift that has been enjoyed so long. This noble privilege that you have had, beyond the measure of all normal human calculations, has been such a priceless boon. And you have to pay the price. God stay you with His strong consolation!

If only he be given peace, and painless pause, and happy waiting! It would be too piteous if he were to suffer now! I cannot think it. For him, for you, for your dear mother, all will be praying from their very hearts.

1 AMEN COURT, *March* 1898.

You will know what it was to me to be unable to speak what was in my heart, and to try to say why we loved him. But it was a deep delight to me that the accident brought it about that the Chief of the Church should come down, in the name of the Church, to pay the Church's tribute in the central Cathedral. I had been missing a little just what this act achieved. And I feared lest you were missing it too. It is our Anglican way, to hold back at critical hours, from the public acts and words which would



seem most natural. And we sorely wanted some one to express our thankfulness to God that the greatest and noblest man alive was her loyal-hearted son. Is it not fortifying to feel the strong rush of recognition welling up from every side at once? And, always, the one overwhelming sense that he was great because he loved his God.

And you—how do you get through? and your dear mother? My tenderest love to her.

We may get a word up here when the last tremendous act proceeds. It is a comfort to have something still to come in which to do him service and honour. God keep you all in His guarded peace!

On March 22nd Mr. Gladstone returned to Hawarden to die. During the few weeks that remained he saw such of his friends as came to his bedside to say farewell. Dr. Holland was one who came.

1 AMEN COURT, *May 5* [1898].

Really I am better. Nothing like a sermon for pulling one up. I at once began to recover. So glad about Mrs. Benson.<sup>1</sup> It sounds perfectly right. Is she not wonderfully straight, fresh, direct, forthcoming, rich? You cannot go wrong with her. She is nature itself, up-

<sup>1</sup> The widow of Archbishop Benson, who came to say farewell to Mr. Gladstone. She had not been to Hawarden since the sudden death of her husband there on October 11th, 1896.

springing from its fullest and freest springs. I still feel mainly the surprise of finding myself in face of the old familiar force of vitality in your father. You had spoken of him as, at last, defeated, crushed. I had looked to find him beaten low, prostrate, ebbing. But, in one short minute, all was changed to me. His old impetus, swift, massive, vehement, had flung itself out in a rapid gesture, in a strong grip, in a voice that told of power. All was concentrated, and discharged upon the one thing in hand, with the habitual intensity. And, then, it was done. He had passed on. He was not going to dally over what was closed. He was alert for the next act. It was exactly as it would have been in full strenuous life. Every motion, every intonation, was immediately characteristic. That power of bringing his whole personality into action at a moment's notice was as marked as ever. ‘The old lion, whose strength cannot break, though he is sorely stricken’—those were the words that came to my lips. And the courtesy, and the dignity, and the deep piety that were always the notes of his presence, were all marked as ever. That is what made me glad to have had just that one passing touch, because all my memories now of him are wholly of one and the same master-soul. I keep thinking of the text that I quoted to Stephen, ‘When thou art old, another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not.’

That was the hard discipline of the Apostle

who was, above all things, impetuous, simple-hearted, spontaneous, free, and young. Who but he would gird himself? Every motion he made was his own—out of his own fund of welling energy. Nothing could curb him—in his child-like impulses, in his beautiful loyalties. So *young*, at heart! Always master of his activities, to go whither he would. But when he was old, he would lie passive under the compelling strength of another.

All the old youthful freedom would be beaten down: another, hard and fierce, would gird him, and carry him whither he would not. Yet, for all that, he would be following Christ, in the last stage as in the first. Though it were but to lie passive under another's fierce girding, it would be none the less blessed than the old free movements of devotion. It would still be covered by the sanctioning word, 'Follow thou *Me!*' I think again and again of your dear mother, and of her wonderful love for me. I will write to her. God comfort you all! It *was* a joy to be with you. If only I could but have been less of a brute!

At five o'clock on the morning of May 19th, Ascension Day, 1898, Mr. Gladstone died.

1 AMEN COURT, ASCENSION  
[May 19, 1898].

The news of peace came to me this morning, like the falling of dew. I had been trembling

so for you all—in this terrible suspense. Such hours breed a cruel dumbness of dead dismal fatigue, in which all sinks like a stone. It is a horrible condition to be in. And, now, the relief has come with perhaps the curious swiftness with which, at last, the door suddenly opens that seemed once as if it would never yield, and he is in. He passes home. In an instant, it is done. So wonderfully near, and so easy, and so simple, that entry is as we watch it.

And the quiet face lies there in all its noble beauty and peace, almost smiling at us for thinking it very awful or very sad. ‘If only you knew what I know!’ That is what the dear dead face for ever says to us. It always seems to ask us the same question that Jesus Christ asked the two on the road to Emmaus. ‘Why are ye sad?’—‘What things?’—or to Mary Magdalene by the grave, ‘Woman, *why* weepest thou?’ It is as if the dead had already quite forgotten why it is that we weep and lament. It is so odd. Why is it? It is difficult for them to throw themselves back into the former state and remember why men weep. Does not the face ask that? And what a noble day on which to make his passage, on the day of the great entry of Him Who goes in and up for ever and for ever, Conqueror and King! You will find such peace in living near the dead face, going in and out, praying near it. It is the most reassuring of all companionships. I cannot speak of him yet, and of all he has been. You

have got that splendid offering to make to God, the offering of all that he was to you, which you now yield, with a free heart, and lay on the altar, in the name of Christ.

I would say more, only I am in bed, as I have been for the last day or two. It is rheumatic and fever. It crumpled me up. But I am recovering. Only the doctor will not let me out of bed yet. This is why I did not write, as the end drew close. My love to poor little Dossie. Does she make it out? To your beloved mother, I am writing. All prayers and benedictions, pleadings, consolations be with you, dear Mary.

Sir Edward Burne-Jones had died suddenly on the morning of June 17, 1898.

1 AMEN COURT [*June 22, 1898*].

Years and years ago it seems, since the wonderful day! <sup>1</sup> And I long to know how you fare: and whether it drags very heavily, with the light and glory of your earthly life passed out of actual sight—living in that awful silence which wraps us round with something of tender solace, but also with a terrible monotony. I feared for you when the exaltation of the splendid passing was died away, and the stupid grey things pushed in, and required to be done.

And, now, dear Burne-Jones will take away

<sup>1</sup> The burial of Mr. Gladstone in Westminster Abbey on Saturday, 28th May.

with him so much light and colour from your life. One of the very few left who shone with such radiance. And so affectionate to you; and so touching with his delicate winsome grace.

Visions fade, and wonders cease. We are very stale and flat. Only with God they must live, who carry with them such beautiful gifts and capacities, which are their own alone, and can never be conveyed to others: and they vanish just when these gifts are at their finest level, and with their experiences mellowing still, and their judgment and their skill and their insight still gaining ground, and gathering fulness, and rising to purer worth. 'Hid with Christ in God.' That is all we can say. And we are *there* too, already, in the same hiding-place—if we could but believe it.

We are signing for a memorial service in the Abbey.<sup>1</sup> Arthur Balfour heads it. It will be comforting.

HIGH HOUSE, WINCHESTER  
[August 17, 1898].

It is a wickedly long time since I wrote or heard. You told me to be sure to keep troth with Mells: and I was more than faithful: for did I not stop a delightful week with 'D. D.,'<sup>2</sup> who was fascinating?

And Frances<sup>3</sup> was most charming and affectionate, and we read Burne-Jones' letters for hours.

<sup>1</sup> For Sir E. Burne-Jones.

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton.

<sup>3</sup> Lady Horner.



They are quite perfect. I do not know their equals in their own exquisite way—with the mingled grace and pathos, and fun, and lightness, and love, and exaltation. She was glad, I think, at our enthusiasm ; and willingly read. They made me know all that she had lost—that matchless touch of intimacy with a soul so noble and so tender.

I also lost my heart to her beautiful boy, with his haunting glory of eyes and hair. Do you know how bewildering he is ? The gracious girls dived and swam for our delight.

I hope to go there again and again—as to a dear home. Haldane was there for a Sunday. Jack was very forthcoming.

I am here for a fortnight with my poor aunt, Miss Gifford—nearly dead with the heat. But the view is beautiful. We are hung high over the town, which twinkles at our feet.

*The Commonwealth* had been begun by Dr. Holland in January 1896. Its title-page for 1898, however, proclaimed that the editorship was in commission : the committee being Dr. Holland, the Rev. the Hon. J. G. Adderley, Dr. Percy Dearmer, and Mr. G. Herbert Davis. One result of this arrangement is revealed below. A curiously dry and disagreeable little paragraph appeared in the 'Notes of the Month' for November 1898, criticising the provisions of Mr. Gladstone's will.

That document was said to reveal 'the intense individualism' of his mind, and to prove 'the immense gap which still yawns between the Gladstone stamp of Liberalism and the most moderate creed of Evolutionary Collectivism.'

CULDEES, MUTHILL, PERTHSHIRE,  
October 22, 1898.

I am distressed at the note on your father's will—in *Commonwealth*. I was away, and could not revise. I never saw it until it was in. I should not have let it appear in that form. I am very sorry indeed. You will be hurt. I know something of all the generous sacrifices by which he rescued a great inheritance. I would willingly put in a little record of this in the next number, if you would wish it. Only, I should be glad, then, to be given the exact case, for fear of stating it wrong. In the meantime I feel very sore. May gave me rather a pathetic picture of the house emptied of the great presence, and of your dear mother living out the uneventful days. I do so hope that she has got rid of the effects of the sunstroke. She still loves the sense of life, does she not? and has her deep interest in living beings.

I am just closing my annual Scotch holiday, and it is always rather heart-breaking. They are so dear to me here, and at Pitfour.

I came in for Rosebery's speeches at Perth, which interested me deeply. He was very strongly

stirred, and very solemn, and at times striking and impressive. He brought down the house by two bits of dramatic vigour. But it is a little too careful and over-prepared, and there is a touch of '*pose*' in the manner of the voice—which bothers me. Not that he was not terribly in earnest himself, for he was; but the expression of it is not spontaneous, but laboured. He also overdid, I thought, the line of policy. It was over-heroic. He was inclined to be 'naughty' when he was amusing; but he made them laugh, at the lunch, at themselves, without their knowing it. He means *business*. How are you? and Buckley? <sup>1</sup> and Dossie? Good-bye.

1 AMEN COURT [November 1898].

Thank you so much. I am greatly relieved. It is quite noble to have secured Morley.<sup>2</sup> It will, now, be the historical work of the closing century. It will be the summing-up of its story, told by a master, through the personality of its central chief, in whom its whole heart beat. I should like to say much. But to-night I only want to ask the name of the photographer in the High Street, Chester, who sells those perfect photographs of the three, your father, mother, and Dossie, under the big tree on the lawn, with the sun

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Drew had been inducted to the Vicarage of Buckley, an industrial parish of three to four thousand, three miles from Hawarden Castle, on 30th April 1897.

<sup>2</sup> Now John, Viscount Morley, who had undertaken to write the *Life* of Mr. Gladstone.



*Chidry*

'LIGHT' AT EVENTIDE

STANLEY D. DOROTHY DEW



flecking him over his light coat, taken at a Hawarden Flower Show.

The one with Dossie on the seat on the left, and your mother in the low chair on the right, and your father, sun-flecked, in the middle, meditative and at peace, is the most beautiful picture I know. I have got one myself with 'Light at Eventide' under it. But I need another for *Commonwealth*.

1 AMEN COURT [Nov. 1898].

I am sending back the will. It is full of the deepest interest, and is wonderfully characteristic. I am trusting to explain matters in the January number when we shall have the photograph of him under the trees at Hawarden.<sup>1</sup> I have been counting on seeing you at Arthur's consecration,<sup>2</sup> and now to my horror I find myself bottled at Birmingham for the whole day. I am sorry beyond words. All sorts of children of his and Edwarden's *lunch* here—if you will join them. . . .

The letter below refers to Mr. Gladstone's grave in Westminster Abbey.

<sup>1</sup> The photograph appears as the frontispiece to *The Commonwealth* for January 1899, and there is an article by Dr. Holland, 'Light at Eventide' (pp. 18, 19), which deals precisely and completely with the point raised in the offensive Note. 'He was no socialist, of course; but he carried to its highest point the principle of moral obligation under which alone wealth could be held in private hands.'

<sup>2</sup> The Hon. Arthur Temple Lyttelton (1852-1903), consecrated Bishop of Southampton in St. Paul's on 30th November 1898.



I AMEN COURT, *Jan. 15* [1899].

I have written about the grave and been down to look. It is very hard to see what can be done. It lies in the centre of the inevitable passage up the middle of the narrow transept—through which the main entrance to service is bound to lie. There is no fencing off possible. The transept is so pinched. It would offend the symmetry of the building to shift the seats—besides the practical obstacles to this. But I would far, far rather have it out in the open, under the passing feet, than hidden away and choked out under the seats.

And is it not part of the honour of lying there in the Abbey, that all London, and all the world tread above your grave? He lies in the thick of the throng. Ever the feet pass over him—the tramp of the multitudes. All the great ones who lie there are become the common property of the people. Is not this *part* of it?

Of course, the sweet peace and reserve and delicacy of a quiet corner in dear Hawarden Churchyard are lost. But this is the *sacrifice*. You made it at the first. The public honour is another matter; it cannot be had without its losses. But it is worth them. You would not wish his body to lie elsewhere than in the great Church of the Nation. And this must mean that it sacrifices the quiet of a hidden resting-place at home. The name is on the stone.

I hope you will be comforted: and your dear mother. Does she think of it? How is she?

The next letter refers to the breakdown of one who was well known to Dr. Holland and to his correspondent.

I AMEN COURT [1899].

I have just seen Dr. D., back from seeing —, to whom he had taken his wife. He gives a most reassuring account. — has accepted the entire humiliation, but has come out purged and strengthened. He is ready to face all that is involved. He is greatly drawn to his wife, who has behaved most nobly. He clings to all his old convictions and faith, with a deeper, because more humble, devotion. He thanks God for smiting him out of his sin. He is firm, strong, and quiet. He has had wonderful love shown him all round. D. went out in trembling agony; he has come back quite exalted, as if witnessing a great purification of a soul that has yet finer possibilities before it. It is most strange. He may yet have terrible reactions, as the full misery breaks over him. I tremble.

The allusion in the next letter is to a very different friend who had been assistant-curate at Hawarden 1876 to 1880, then Principal of Salisbury Theological College, and from 1883, Vicar of the Church of the Annunciation, Bryanston Square, London (the old Quebec Chapel). Mr. Ottley became Canon residentiary of Rochester Cathedral in 1907.

1 AMEN COURT, *Feb.* 4 [1899].

I will do all I can for Edward Ottley. I feel it sorely. They both ought to have ease and rest.

How I laughed over the memory of my delight in puzzling you about Youlgrave. It is splendid for a joke to come off twice! It was a gorgeous window of Burne-Jones in a remote Derbyshire village. Youlgrave on Lafkill.<sup>1</sup> I came across it on a walking tour with Heywood Sumner, and I felt sure that you would not know it—so I amused myself with assuming your complete knowledge of it—never letting out what it was. The names were so strangely remote.

Mrs. Gladstone had asked for a photograph of Dr. Holland.

1 AMEN COURT [*March* 1899].

I feel so silly to be so helpless. You must think me ungenerous and graceless. But the wretched days are filled with small things, that yet cannot be broken. To-day, meeting at 3. To-morrow, lecture at 5, meeting at 8. Friday, lecture at 6. Saturday, Cambridge for sermon. Every day next week at 1.15! to preach. Desolating! I should be so relieved to feel that I could [do] any tiny thing in return for all the wonderful kindness that has been shown me year after year at Hawarden. And all I can do is to send the poor old grinning phiz to your dear mother, if she

<sup>1</sup> Lafkill is the name of a valley near Youlgrave, close to Bakewell in Derbyshire.

really cares to have it, to give her a moment's smile. It will carry *Penitence* written in every corner of its grin.

Your news is saddish, I fear. And this bitter wind bites on. But Spring is ready to come with a rush. And blessed warmth may mean so much. God grant it, of His invincible Goodness !

Did Dossie ever get a Book of Sports ? I forgot to tell her whence it came. I had no heart this year to buy any more presents for godchildren.

I have such a bright secretary living now with me—out of the Oxford House—with Ingram<sup>1</sup> next door. So there are happy days.

I *should* so like a talk. Do you go through London ? Do you love T. E. Brown ?<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Winnington-Ingram, Bishop of London, who from 1897 to 1901 was Canon and Treasurer of St. Paul's and Bishop of Stepney, and lived at 2 Amen Court.

<sup>2</sup> The well-known Clifton master and poet.

## CHAPTER V

1899-1918

A Visit to Mells—The South African War—Death of Mrs. Gladstone—The Election of 1900—Lord Gladstone's Engagement—Ecclesiastical Discipline—Visit to South Africa—Chinese Labour—Change of Government—Death of Canon Drew—From St. Paul's to Oxford—*Carnival*—Last Visit to Hawarden—W. G. C. Gladstone's Death—A Private Memoir—The Discipline of Pain—The Grenfell Brothers—The Russian Revolution—Dilke and Chamberlain—Devotional Prayers—Lord Morley's *Reminiscences*—Last Illness.

THE first anniversary of Mr. Gladstone's death, 'the year's mind' was observed at St. Paul's Cathedral by a special sung Eucharist. Mrs. Gladstone's health was now failing, as the allusions in the letters which follow indicate.

1 AMEN COURT, *May 19, 1899.*

It was a deep comfort to feel near you and to your dear mother to-day, as we sang our solemn Eucharist—with familiar faces about that told of faithful memories. The Eucharist is always so wonderful in its power to overleap distances, and to bind together far and near; and above all, in its free movement from them to us, from us to them. Christ comes to us out of where they are. This is our peace. We sang the two great hymns of his.

Will you thank your mother from the bottom

of my heart for the sweet message that I received from her through George Russell. How near, and how long ago it all seems ! It is everything at once.

The silence is the strange oppression—isn't it ? It seems as if it must be broken. Yet not a sound. Good-night. We wait and watch with you ; and remember the great days, and are sure that they will be given back, in some way that will be so natural that it will be impossible to be surprised. The gaps will close up. We shall forget that there has been any sad breach of separation. It will feel as if it had been such a very little while. God strengthen you all !

MELLS PARK, FROME,  
*July 29 [1899].*

Here, it is delicious, with the Alfreds.<sup>1</sup> Frances is gentle and good in her loss, and wonderfully kind. I don't quite know what I ought to do about the preachments. But I should gladly like to say a few things to your men, if I could. Shall I try that ? Can you pacify Stephen ? He has said nothing. Your doctor is capital. I saw Lady Frederick at Boughton, and heard your news. I fear it is dreadfully wearisome and saddening for you.<sup>2</sup> There must be some secret life behind all the surface trouble, where the real preparation of the soul-self still proceeds—and she is shedding something that should be

<sup>1</sup> Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton. Mr. Lyttelton had married, on 24th April 1892, his second wife, Miss Edith Balfour.

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Gladstone's health had begun to cause great anxiety.



shed, and is learning something that must be learned. God works in the Hidden Places.

1 AMEN COURT, *Sept. 10* [1899].

My household have greeted me with downcast looks, owing to my return to my native heath with three white shirts missing. I was thunder-struck by the news. I have written to Mrs. Finch, who has scoured the remotest recesses of the Highlands in vain. Nor do the kilted natives appear to show any superfluity of raiment since my departure. I am reduced to inquiries of the excellent men of Flint. Can they detect these lost prodigals lurking, dirty, among the swine in far countries? If they will return to their sorrowing friends, all will be forgiven.

I am so sorry to trouble you.

How I wonder how things go? Are the days much as I saw them? Are you weary? I trust you find relief, day by day, in the curious strangeness of it all—yet with its wonderful personal insight into the background of her dear mind and life. I often think of the days with her: nor are they all sad.

The anniversary of Mr. Gladstone's birthday did not pass unmarked by Dr. Holland.

THE LIMES, NORTHCHURCH, BERKHAMSTED,  
*December 29* [1899].

From within sight [of] your honeymoon time <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr. and Mrs. Drew spent their honeymoon at Berkhamsted House, lent to them by Lady Sarah Spencer.

I must send you one word of loyal remembrance for the great days that lie so vividly alive in the heart, filled with that one supreme presence. It was his *energy*, that always for me carried in it the soul of all the wonder. Everybody else was so shadowy and slight by the side of that tremendous *force*. And now it remains as the very symbol of what life can mean—life abounding, measureless, unconquerable. Life! he bears the torch of life. No one can think of him except as alive in every faculty and fibre. So we commit him—life to life—no touch of earth or ashes belongs to his memory. He passed out from us alive, and still demanding life. How great it all was! And how unlike to the mild Ghost whom the Tories invoke to-day, as if there had never been in him the flame of wrath, or the fire of scorn, or the sweeps of vehement passion!

Your dear Dossie sounds splendid in her spirit and courage. G. W. E. R. has sent me on your letter. But you are deeply anxious, I fear. Why should not youth tell? She has glorious powers of health, and a bubbling fount of life. Surely—these count for victory. My best love to Harry.

The South African War began in October 1899.

1 AMEN COURT [1900].

One word out of my misery. The Boers are not wicked to aim at paramountcy. Waggett especially allows this. The only question is—did they force the contest for paramountcy from the platform of peaceful emulation and

development to that of *war*? Did they arm to an extent which gave it them by sheer force whenever they chose to take it? I know that that horrible Raid was the primary cause of their doing so. But oh! that they could have saved themselves from being made desperate by that crime! How awful is our plight! I gang like a ghaist! Dust and ashes.

Mrs. Gladstone's illness was now increasing, and it was evident that the end was very near.

I AMEN COURT [May 1900].

I cannot write while still you wait, and I know not how you stand. But you know how I remember and watch with you; and long for the quiet passing, and the tender close. No troubled disturbance now for you, I gather. But unconscious ebbing. You will bless God for this mercy. You will be glad to be given the spell of calm waiting upon her. But the strain will be hard, I fear, and the hours seem long and often unceasing. This will all shrink up and disappear, when the moment of her departure is reached. And you will simply fold your hands, and sit down by her, and know the soothing peace that foretells the Eternal Home. God bring you to that hour of peace soon!

As the end drew nearer he wrote:

Death will become the act of Restoration. 'A little while and ye shall not see Me: and again a little while and ye shall see Me.'

The 'little while' of separation disappears and the joy of the *recovered* sight and love in the joy that can never be taken away. How is Dossie? I suppose it is no use to try to tell your mother how I love her.

Thank you from my heart about the Sermon. I had been so miserable because Papers would quote the bits about the Relief, and then boycott all the appeal to pity and generosity and freedom.

Mrs. Gladstone died on 14th June 1900, and was buried beside her husband in Westminster Abbey. After the funeral Dr. Holland wrote :

1 AMEN COURT [*June* 1900].

It was piteous *not* to see you. But it could not be helped. And have you gone back? and are you rested? I fear the long strain may tell now. Will you let the days pass, without inquiry, so that they may heal? It takes so long to recover, and resume, and be oneself. It can only be done by lying still, and suffering the strength of body and heart to steal back. It was nobly done in the great Abbey. And oh! the peace and joy that they should be at rest together—and the unnatural divorce be past! God help you in your loneliness!

GAYTON LODGE, WIMBLEDON,  
*July* 24 [1900].

How are you? I hope with gathered power of nerve and heart. I know what it must mean

to come back with all changed. The great past is buried. There can only be an interval now—to be spent as it may—before the great re-union. It is a very hard moment for you. Not for nothing have you had these high and beautiful privileges. We pay for our joys—and the cost is heavy. But the past is yours. It is in you; you possess it. You will live in its strength. For God makes all times one. And He remembers. My best love to Dossie.

1 AMEN COURT, *Sept.* 26 [1900].

How good of you! I linger over the touching tokens, and feel as if I was fingering them. Perhaps the Bishop Andrewes will be most full of her, with its quietness and skilfulness and tenderness, and humour, all sweetly mingled. And, then, it has memories enclosed in it, and carries the past like a fragrance with it. I should *love* it.

I *must* get to you, and see the dear places. I *will*. Only this wretched October is all netted and boxed. I cannot squeeze a day out of it.

Retreat—and a thing to clergy at Ambleside: and Scotland: and a sermon or two: and then S. P. G. at Sunderland on my way down: and then London swallows me down like Jonah's whale.

Have you looked at T. E. Brown's *Letters*? I am revelling in the exuberant power and fun and pathos. Most beautiful. Good-bye. It is a sad world. How dear the old days were!

The next letter alludes to the 'Khaki' general election of 1900, which was just over. The 'beloved little book' to which Dr. Holland refers was a copy of Bishop Andrewes' Prayers, given to Mrs. Gladstone in memory of Bishop W. K. Hamilton of Salisbury on his death in 1869. It had been given to the bishop by Dr. Liddon, to whom Dr. Holland refers as 'the editor.' But no edition of Bishop Andrewes' Prayers by Dr. Liddon is recorded in the list of Dr. Liddon's *Works* in his *Life and Letters*. On Mrs. Gladstone's death the book was given to Dr. Holland. He writes from the house of Mrs. Philips, a daughter of Bishop Hamilton.

BLOXHAM, Oct. 7, 1900.

Is it not good that I should be able to show Concie<sup>1</sup> the beloved little book, which means so much to both of us? Do you think that her father had used it for his own illness? He loved to use the Bishop Andrewes' Prayers. Do you think that Liddon the editor had already given it to him? All this seems so very likely. It is a most precious gift. Thank you for the initials. How perfect this place is! The Church—too glorious—colour and form and space. I never saw anything more lovely than the light on it at this moment. The golden autumn sun, mellow and rich, on its soft brown stone, so warm and

<sup>1</sup> His hostess, Mrs. Philips.



full and tender and speechless. Concie is wonderfully well—hardly deaf at all, and quite keen and energetic, with three deliciously plump rolly-polly children. I am almost good, for I am just out of the heavenly peace of retreat at Cuddesdon, fragrant with memories. I go North to Pitfour and Culdees.

It is no use speaking about the miserable elections. It is all in the agony of transition. There will be new dominant motives and causes ; but we have not yet got the words for them.

The next letter refers to a suggested proposal, by which Dr. Holland's god-daughter, Dorothy Drew, was to be educated with another friend.

CHARING RECTORY, KENT,  
[June 1901].

She simply meant to say her worst, before beginning. She got in a slight fright. But she means to do her best, after saying her worst. She is anxious-minded, and is apt to make herself misunderstood through it. It ought to be tried, I am sure, and she feels this herself. B—— is a most dear child, and I think that the two may make great friends. If it turns out a failure, you must both be quite frank, and stop it. But not too hurriedly. I do so hope for it. It is *heroic* on your part, and brave on hers.

The news of Mr. Herbert (now Viscount) Gladstone's engagement to the daughter of a

family of strongly Conservative politics, had just reached Dr. Holland : he wrote :—

MORTONHALL, LIBERTON, MIDLOTHIAN,  
Aug. 11th, 1901.

Was it not wonderful ? Just after your talk to me. And I mercifully did *not* write. I was so staggered, that, in spite of the most positive assurances from the Pagets, I withheld belief. As it is, I hope you are happy. He plunges into the high Tory entourage with religious courage. It will be quite *splendid* for him, to have risked it. And to have given himself to a girl. I am very glad.

Harry's hat <sup>1</sup> has been greeted by enthusiastic applauding crowds wherever it has appeared. It has been a most brilliant success. It has faced funerals and feasts with an equal courage. To-morrow, I lead it home after an unprecedented campaign. I shall deposit it actually at Chester, and trust it will manage to reach Buckley, unruined by its adventures. It has many a wild tale to tell. I am overcome with gratitude. It has won me unlooked-for honours wherever I bore it.

No letters of 1902 have survived. In 1903 Mr. Drew's hard and splendidly successful work at Buckley was recognised by the offer to him, by the Bishop of St. Asaph, of an honorary

<sup>1</sup> Borrowed by Dr. Holland from Canon Drew.

canonry in the cathedral church: the stall was the sixth canonry of Ralph of Birkenhead. This dignity he accepted, but in the same year he declined the important benefices of St. James's, Plymouth, and St. Alban's, Birmingham, as ten years before he refused the vicarage of St. Margaret's, Anfield, Liverpool, and five years later, in 1908, the suffragan Bishopric of Ipswich.

1 AMEN COURT, *March 16* [1903].

I have never congratulated the Canon into the canonical brotherhood. That is bad English. But never mind. It is from the heart really. And quite splendid. How is Dossie? George reported a high temperature.

The next letter refers to the statue of Mr. Gladstone erected in Westminster Abbey.

1 AMEN COURT.

Here it is. And here is everything. For the Ruskin appeared—five or six lovely volumes—quite delicious.<sup>1</sup> What may I do with them? One misprint of an 'M' for 'he,' on page 119, is all I have discovered. And, now, I have just seen the Abbey statue. It is a strong and virile bit of work—with the force of soul in it—dignified, compact, and yet ready to glow. He has caught

<sup>1</sup> Of Ruskin's *Letters* to Mrs. Drew, privately printed, with a preface by Mr. George Wyndham. The proceeds of their sale was given to the building of a great porch, the Ruskin Porch, at Buckley Church.

the eyebrow—with its motion, and the uprightness of the staunch figure. It is very fine. The work might have been a little more delicate over the face. But the strength of concentration is nobly given.

In 1898 an agitation against High Churchmen began which, engineered with considerable skill, provoked, in time the attention of statesmen, and debates in both Houses of Parliament. It culminated in the appointment of a Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Discipline by Mr. Balfour, then Prime Minister, in 1904. Some letters from a prominent member of the Government had been shown to Dr. Holland.

1 AMEN COURT, *May 31* [1903].

Two volumes <sup>1</sup> are journeying back to you. I am sorry for the delay. My Secretary had forgotten.

How touching—these dear men, with their half-crowns; I am delighted that these should go their way, and to Welsh parsons.

How much have you gathered in?

Dear old Ruskin! He was really *hurt* at your marriage. It is strange how he returns upon it: and very sad.

Poor —. Did he reveal sepulchral ignorance about the Church? Yet Edward <sup>2</sup> most certainly tried to write and to say all he knew. And what

<sup>1</sup> Of Ruskin's Letters.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Talbot, then Bishop of Rochester.

is to happen ? It will be too pathetic, if they go out on Ireland, and on this hopeless freak of Chamberlain's.<sup>1</sup> They will deserve to be smashed for this last, and Ireland will not save them.

How are you yourself ? and Dossie ? Shall we ever meet ?

1 AMEN COURT [1903].

This is very characteristic. I think that Edward and he have talked all this out. I know that they have spoken and written very near it. In what sense is he *not* a Presbyterian ? He is, I fear, in great alarm and despair over the Church. But he only knows it from outside. Surely, in old days, it was the Extremists who made everything possible. Twenty years ago I was constantly pleading this. St. Paul's is sheltered by them. Only I feel that the *Pilot* minimised the present 'Extreme' tendency very much in the article. There is very wide spread a distinct breach with the old Tractarian line which believed in the true Catholicity of the Prayer Book, and only strove to bring this character forward. Now there is a serious discontent with the Prayer Book, and an inclination to deny the right of the English Church to have a Prayer Book of her own. This is the alarming cleavage between the old movement, and the new. . . .

On 11th August 1903, Dr. Holland left England

<sup>1</sup> The Tariff Reform controversy begun in 1903.

on a Mission of Help to the Church in South Africa with Dr. Wilkinson, Bishop of St. Andrews, and Dr. Campbell, then Provost of St. Ninian's, Perth, now Bishop of Glasgow. Bishop Wilkinson's old trouble of depression and distress returned upon him, and the strain fell most severely on Dr. Holland. 'It was a perpetual effort to keep the bishop to his engagements, to persuade him that it was right for him to do the appointed work,' Dr. Mason records.<sup>1</sup> Yet the effort was amazingly successful, and the Bishop preached and spoke and ministered with wonderful power. The party returned to England at the end of October, but Dr. Holland, as a result, was worn out and ill for some months to come.

The letter that follows was written in the midst of the Mission :

DURBAN, *Sept.* 12, 1903.

It is a strange land : so near and so far ; so like home : and so unlike. Many things are better than I thought : but every now and then the abyss yawns. Here, in Natal, there is *no* Natal Question : everybody is at peace with everybody. The Church is entirely one. Very weak, in some ways : but full of brotherly affection.

<sup>1</sup> *Memoir of G. H. Wilkinson, Bishop of St. Andrews*, ii. p. 329.



We are off to Maritzburg on Monday, then Pretoria. Neville<sup>1</sup> will, I believe, be away. Too horrid !

Good-bye. Love to Dossie, and tell her that her one mistake was in not being born black. These brown-black children are too delicious. And the Zulu runners ! Superb !

The Christian Social Union held its annual meeting at Norwich, on 24th November 1903, and gave Dr. Holland a chance glimpse of his old friend, Professor Stuart, who had resigned his Professorship at Cambridge, and become Managing Director of the great mustard works of Messrs. Colman at Norwich.

CARROW ABBEY, NORWICH [*November 1903.*]

Three good birds ! and not one poor stone to throw ! Here I am with what was once Black James, and is now a stoutish, gentle, elderly Abbot—in old oak and mustard.

We are down for C.S.U. meetings and sermons. I get home Tuesday night. Wednesday is full. How long are you up ? and where are you ? It would be good to meet. Yet the days are hideously full. Pray send me word of whereabouts.

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. N. S. Talbot, then Lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade, and on the staff of General the Hon. Sir Neville Lyttelton, in South Africa.

In September 1903 Mr. Chamberlain had resigned the office of Colonial Secretary, and Mr. Alfred Lyttelton had been chosen by Mr. Balfour to fill his place. Unfortunately for him a majority of opinion in the Legislative Council in South Africa resolved to import Chinese coolies to do unskilled labour on the Rand, and Mr. Lyttelton was convinced by Lord Milner that the scheme was right.

The next letter refers to a Note of the Month in *The Commonwealth* for February 1904, in which Dr. Holland pointed out that the Indian coolie could really save the day.<sup>1</sup>

1 AMEN COURT, *Feb.* 28 [1904].

I am crawling along; it is very slow, that is all. Nothing is wrong, but just this fatigue, and slackness. I came slap to the end. May I come to you in April? About the 2nd week? Would that do? or will you be everywhere else?

Poor Alfred! He is in the toils. Do not be too hard on *him*. He cannot throw over Milner. He is responsible. The foot ought to have gone down long ago. When Alfred took it up, it had gone too far. He tells me that he meant to explain about my article, but Redmond startled him. I put something to him about Indians, and could not understand his message back.

<sup>1</sup> *Commonwealth*, vol. ix. p. 49.

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There is some practical hitch. But I believe it could have saved the day.

GAYTON LODGE, WIMBLEDON,  
*August 11 [1904].*

I thought I had left nothing, and was proud. Of course, therefore, two things are grinning at me from your house, having hidden themselves, and scored. One is a Gk. Testament (Westcott and Hort) in dim brown, left originally in the *dining-room*, possibly in hall. The other is a little yellow card box, with a fountain pen lurking inside, also in dining-room. If by any chance either of these twain return to their home, all will be forgiven. Pray reassure them on this point. So sorry to bother you. I slumbered and woke and slumbered again all the way, in a noble train yesterday, which got to London at its right time to a minute. So that the Empire is not yet gone wholly to the dogs. I loved the happy days with you. They were so easy, and filled, and filling. We can so seldom meet now to any purpose. It was quite delightful to renew the far back memories and associations, and ties; and to add yet another pledge to what has always been a deep element in the joy of life. And, then, Harry was so near, and intimate. And I learned to know Dossie, and I feel in touch with her, and understand where she stands. She was very dear and friendly.

I do wish that the Hawarden prospect was less

burdensome for poor Harry. But, perhaps, it will clear, as it draws closer. God bless you.

In January 1905 Canon Drew had with extreme reluctance left Buckley to succeed his brother-in-law as Rector of Hawarden, and in the next letter Dr. Holland refers to a visit he had just paid to his friends in their new home, which had been for many years a house most familiar to him.

GAYTON LODGE, WIMBLEDON,  
*April 30 [1905].*

Has your Collins failed you? Not, indeed, in his ideal validity. He has been writing his letters in his heart every minute since he left. But he has failed to find a post-box till now—in which to put what he desires to say.

It was quite delicious to be in the thick of so many old memories and associations that belong to the life. I shall never forget the magic of the park. It was as alive with remembrances as it was with bunnies. They peeped out of every nook and corner, and then fled back to their burrows, to keep safe for yet another day. And we travelled along your present daily life so easily, and naturally. This was very dear to me. All the new experiences became familiar. And your beautiful house is so full of home. And I saw so much more of Dossie, and begin to know her more, and can see how much will be

there to develop, when the opening-out of her womanhood really comes. There is no knowing yet, is there? what will happen, when the girl and the school drop behind. Only we can see how sound is the base, and honest, and true. Her matter-of-factness must be strange to you. It is puzzling. But one can guess, through the music, that there will be a break up of this.

Good-bye, dear friend. Our friendship is on the rock. My best love to Harry and Dossie.

A beautiful chapel erected in Hawarden Church by Mr. Gladstone's third son, Mr. Henry N. Gladstone, to the memory of his parents, was dedicated in the summer of this year; it contains a very fine cenotaph with figures of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone sculptured by Sir William Richmond.

CUCKOO HILL, SOUTH GORLEY,  
FORDINGBRIDGE, HANTS [1905].

One line—to say how I remember. I do hope that the twin figures will look fair and noble and serene in the sweet light, under the tender roof, waiting for the day, with their faces set thitherward, united with all the praying congregation, in the familiar place, at rest, in peace, asleep, in the silent homes, where nevertheless they rest not, day or night, saying Holy, Holy, Holy. This beautiful sun will shine over you all, and you will all hold hands, and touch hearts, and be free from trouble and fret, I trust. God be

with you. I go to Gayton Lodge to-day. It has been a real boon, to be here reviving very tender days with dear H. S.

In the autumn, as he was beginning a month of residence at St. Paul's, Dr. Holland suddenly became ill with an abscess in the chest.

1 AMEN COURT, *Sept.* 11 [1905].

In spite of your terrifying pictures, I am getting on like wildfire. Never did a hole fill itself in so swiftly; never did a wound granulate more gloriously: it is healing up fast. I am up. I hope to creep out in the Court to-day. So it is done. A great fact, an operation is. As I look back, I wonder at it all. It is a big venture. Till Wednesday last, I was anxious lest the microscope should reveal malignant growth: but I am proved to be perfectly healthy. So it is good.

How you must have suffered! I felt as if I could not have borne to hear of another abscess.

What did George W.<sup>1</sup> tell you? Good-bye. . .

On December 5th, Mr. Balfour resigned office, and a Liberal Government, under Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, was formed.

1 AMEN COURT, *Dec.* 11 [1905].

I must write while the glow of a real live

<sup>1</sup> Right Hon. George Wyndham, M.P.



Liberal Government is upon me for the first time for nobody knows how many years.

Are they not good and strong? Don't they look like work? Are you not happy over Herbert? And will not the administration of affairs be thoroughly capable? I am greatly cheered.

Now, if only we can shove through with Education, we are safe. Good!

How nice to hear from you! And you are so kind over the book.<sup>1</sup> It is nearly through its second edition, and a third is to be out in December.

And Dossie is a Prefect! Magnificent! I met a very jolly girl from the school in the autumn—she had just left—and we talked Dossie!

How are school funds? How is the church roof? How is Harry? George Russell lunched to-day here, in excellent form.

Good-bye. Do you flit south at Christmas?

On some occasion in 1906, when Dr. Holland was at Hawarden, his god-daughter helped him with his burden of letters, and he, remembering it later, wrote :—

(NO ADDRESS.)

. . . I do not think that I ever said enough about Dossie in the character of private secretary. She really showed great quickness and efficiency. I never had any one do it better. She wrote

<sup>1</sup> *Personal Studies*, by Dr. Holland, published in 1905.

so well, she understood so easily,—it was quite remarkable. Masterman wants Acton<sup>1</sup> to be cheap. If a new cheap edition came out, there could be a new boom. Otherwise, he thinks reviews difficult to pull off so late. He greatly admires, and *did* say something again in his organ last week about it. Good-bye: 1 Amen next Wednesday.

No letters of 1907 remain, and only one of 1908—an account of a wedding.

All has gone sweetly like a marriage bell. The bride, immense, and calm, and radiant, and confident, and glowing; and he, very white, and clear-cut, and delicate, and serious, and holy.

— — simply gloats over the combined gladness.

Her father, very reserved and quiet, and with infinite sadness in his voice. I had a rich feast of ancient comrades. Very delicious. I stay on till to-morrow.

Books! I have left, of course, *Religion and Medicine*—and *Orthodoxy*. I wonder if they might go to me at Ashton Cottage, Codford St. Peter, Wilts. You won't believe that there is such a place. Yet there it bides!

I just loved my stay at dear Hawarden. It feels so like home. Every memory is dear and sacred. Dossie is a new and delightful arrival.

<sup>1</sup> *Letters of Lord Acton to Mary Gladstone*, edited by Herbert Paul, published in 1904.

And you let me roam at my will, which ought to be sweet. It was a perfect time.

LONGWORTH RECTORY, FARINGDON  
[May 1909].

I knew nothing of this illness until the Talbots told me. I shall hear news through them. I can only remember you ever and always. I trust that you know, now, exactly what it all is. My best love to dear Dossie.

His god-daughter's health began to give some cause for anxiety, and Dr. Holland writes :—

1 AMEN COURT [1909].

Poor dear Dossie ! And I saw her sailors walk past St. Paul's—I, who am so mean a representative of her ! They were beautiful—all the same height, age, and face. I don't know how this is managed. They looked so intelligent—very high class—*bigger* than I think sailors usually are. The officers are splendid, so fit, and alert, and spruce, without looking stuck-up.

The torpedo boats in the river look demonic, and the submarines freakish. We bless old Fisher,<sup>2</sup> and don't care a hang for Charlie B.<sup>3</sup> Is not this the right temper ? The Fleet has never been so superb as now under a Liberal Government.

I am so sorry for your long long anxiety over the dear child. It has been piteous. But, with getting out, everything will be possible. . . .

<sup>1</sup> Now Admiral Lord Fisher.

<sup>2</sup> Admiral Lord Beresford.

Best love to Dossie. St. Deiniol<sup>1</sup> has been an immense success for old Bathe.<sup>2</sup>

In December the doctors discovered that Miss Dorothy Drew's lungs were threatened, and she was ordered to South Africa.

1 AMEN COURT [Dec. 9, 1909].

This *is* a sore blow. My whole heart goes out to you. But there is continual victory over this ill, now, if taken like this in time. Wonders are done every day. And Africa is a glorious lift of hope and joy. She has such fine vitality, she will fling the poison out. I feel very confident. Only, for you, the long, patient waiting! God will be under you, and under dear Harry. I hope certainly to go on Thursday—if only I am well enough.

On Easter Monday, March 28, 1910, Canon Drew, after a particularly long and exhausting Easter Day, was suddenly seized with fatal illness. An operation on March 29th was unsuccessful, and on March 30th he died. Dr. Holland came to Hawarden, and preached on the Sunday morning, April 3rd, the day before the funeral. The sermon is printed in *Harry Drew: a Memorial*

<sup>1</sup> St. Deiniol's Library at Hawarden, founded by Mr. Gladstone.

<sup>2</sup> The Rev. Anthony Bathe, Prebendary of St. Paul's, who had been working at Mr. Gladstone's foundation, St. Deiniol's Library, Hawarden.

*Sketch*, by the Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell (1911).

THE LIMES, NORTHCHURCH,  
GREAT BERKHAMSTED, *April 1* [1910].

You are giving thanks, I know, for all the wonderful boons of the last twenty-four years : for his noble simplicity ; for his unfaltering love ; for his perfect devotion ; for his beautiful sincerity, and patience, and truth ; for his tireless service ; for his wholehearted goodness ; for his tenderness, his security, his soundness of soul, his delightful companionship, his gracious presence, his fine humility, his deep strength. Such good years ! Such benedictions ! Such grounded happiness ! Thank God ! Thank God !

All is so good in him. And he has passed so swiftly, so gently, so tenderly, so rightly, so worthily. Your memory will ever cling round the last hours, as giving the seal to his beautiful seriousness, and to his sweet rightness of touch. Afterwards, there will be bad times, when the loss presses heavy ; but you will have courage and strength given to meet them as they come.

Now, it is the moment for praise, and glory, and thanksgiving. Lift up your heart ! Lift it up unto the Lord ! All our love and prayers will be round you and Dossie. God help and sustain you both, dear Mary !

BISHOP'S HOUSE, KENNINGTON PARK, S.E.,  
*April 11* [1910].

Here are the precious extracts—most beautiful, and real, and illuminative. I trust that

you were comforted by the tributes paid to Harry yesterday. The Bishop<sup>1</sup> had him in his heart. For you, I fear that the hard time is on you. It is so pitiful when the last bit of *active* love has been paid to the dead, and there is no more opportunity for tender ministry, and only the grim silence remains, and the cold facts are to be faced, and the loneliness wraps round, and the business of common things has to be taken up, without its inspiration or its purpose, and the past has to be left behind and the new life undertaken. For you, with your deep roots in Hawarden, it is a moment of strange pain.

There is nothing to be done but to set the face forward. Out beyond the edge of life, the hope of the recovery lies. You will look for him again, not by raking in the past, but by moving out towards the home not made with hands. There your treasure all lies. You will find it again. He is faithful that promised. So you will carry with you, as you journey on, all the blessed wealth of the joy that has been yours—for you will take it as a pledge, that it can never be lost, and will be found again. You will bear it in your heart, as an appeal to God to justify what He has begun.

May He enable you, in the dark hours, to believe in the Light !

Early in November 1910 the Regius Professorship of Divinity at Oxford became vacant, and Dr. Holland was induced to accept the post :

<sup>1</sup> Dr. E. S. Talbot, then translated to Southwark.



1 AMEN COURT, *December 1910.*

How I long for a talk! But I cannot get it in on Monday. I shall be away at Harrow, I expect. I hope you will think the *Blue Bird* as thin, and cheap, and wrong as I do. I sat as cold as a stone. Only '*Bread*' is delicious—rather like the late Lord Salisbury.

I cannot write about this move—it means much. The parting from here is *horrible*. I resisted and refused, but it was made inevitable. —<sup>1</sup> would be the very thing. He has friends who push. I wish for it with all my heart. If I have a chance, I will press it.

When, oh when, will you be here?—before your start? I go to Ambleside to-day. Harrow to-morrow. Back here Thursday; and all January. We have not had a word together for years.

In April 1911 his god-daughter became engaged to Captain (now Colonel) Francis W. Parish, K.R.R., then on the staff of her uncle, Lord Gladstone, Governor-General of South Africa.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD [*April 1911*].

It is come dreadfully quick, and you are asked to make a hard sacrifice. If you could have [been] spared a year or two! Yet this is the height of motherhood—to give away your best. It is a beautiful, and grave, and solemn altar at

<sup>1</sup> A successor suggested for Dr. Holland's stall at St. Paul's; he was not appointed.

which to minister. It evokes the best and purest spirit of surrender. And, as a sacred ministration, its pain is hidden beneath its joy. You move up to it, crowned and glad. For the child's sake, you *rejoice*, while your secret heart bleeds. And Dossie is so fitted for a great and venturous joy. She can give herself away so completely. It will mean everything to her. And you will get her glow back on your own life, and you will thank God.

I am just crawling into my house. I sleep there to-morrow night for the first time. So the new bit begins. God ever bless you in this new venture, dear Mary.

The next letter refers to the Memorial Sketch of Canon Drew, then just published.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD, Oct. 4 [1911].

Such a joy to hear from you ! We seem so far away, and for so long. I had hoped to have something about the *Harry Drew* in *Commonwealth*, and had thought of asking Crum. I feel that I am implicated in the little book itself, by the sermon. And I always dread the look of any one concerned, praising a bit of record. It gives the idea of being all shut up in one circle. So I should be very glad indeed, if you could arrange for it.<sup>1</sup> The record brings out the beauty of the personal presence and character

<sup>1</sup> The book was reviewed in *The Commonwealth* for December 1911 by 'M. H.'

with singular effect. It reads as if no one could keep off saying how *beautiful* he was. The note sang on and on. The whole book was splendidly warm and affectionate. So will you get it done ? . . .

Are you really going to Fiesole ? And what about final plans ? How to get to London, I cannot imagine. I shall be there on October the 18th, I think. That might do, for a *lunch*. Would it ?

Your account of A. J. B. is very like himself. He will come through, I believe, through his very indifference. They have no one to compare with him.

In the spring of 1912 his correspondent had been suddenly called upon to face a sharp illness.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD, *May 3, 1912.*

How distressing ! How miserable ! It has been so fierce and terrible. Pain is a dreadful thing. Mercifully, *when* it passes, it passes away almost out of sight. I trust that this has happened already, and that you are feeling the blinding blessedness of relief. It is something that it is not appendicitis, with its equal risk and operation. But your account is most ghastly. My heart's prayers shall be with you daily—morn and night. I do long to see you in your joy of living, and in your full tide of brimming strength. We will pray for this, and for the ceasing of the pain. Pain has some strange

secret ; it does its own work unawares. There is some angel deep within it. If we can but lie under it, and surrender. We don't know what it is about. But it links us in with all who have brought to the world its peace, up to Him Who died on the Cross. It carries with it the mystery of sacrifice, and the inexplicable power of redemption. God will knit you closer to His Christ by it.

The next letter is undated, but appears to belong to some later period in this year.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD [1912].

What a blow ! I go off on the 21st for ten days. I *am* sorry. This list of dates seems to me absolutely conclusive. I cannot imagine what more was wanted. So glad the lumbago has yielded ! Bless dear Dossie in her tiara ! . . . Oh ! I must *talk Carnival*.<sup>1</sup> Jenny is the one and only thing in it. Most of the rest is caricature. There is a wonderful attempt to give the Atalanta virginity in that whiff of a girl. But can it combine with the hideous tawdriness of mind ? But we are kept horribly conscious of sex from end to end. There is nothing more left to write about. Are all the girls in London reading it ? Life has been certainly stripped pretty bare of its secrets. The lapse with Danby is very repulsive.

<sup>1</sup> *Carnival*, by Compton Mackenzie.

The Balkan War, which began in this autumn, stirred Dr. Holland and other friends of Greece and the allied nations; he refers to it in the three letters which follow.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD, *Nov.* 18 [1912].

How blessed of you to remember to send me those beautiful photographs of dear Dossie! It is wonderful how she responds to photography. Thank you so much! And it is good to hear that the dear child has got there, and is at peace, with her man.

How are the poor bones? I have at last begun to dislodge the rheumatism out of my knee. I can walk—that is always something. Good-bye. . . . I will ask at the Ashmolean about the chalice. Sir Arthur Evans is the man.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD [*Dec.* 1912].

I am not in London for [a] month, I fear. . . . These victories <sup>1</sup> stir the blood. I keep trembling lest they be too good to be true. Oh! for the voice! Indeed!

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD [*March* 1913].

I was so relieved to hear of you. It seemed ages since we had exchanged a word. And I never quite knew where you were to be found. I do earnestly hope that this nasty and painful business has done real good. We must have a good talk again some happy day in the summer.

The *Acton* <sup>2</sup> has just arrived: and I have been

<sup>1</sup> In the Balkans.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Acton's *Essays*.

hunting up the new matter—very much his, and very exciting. He is strangely unexpected.

We are just at the end of term, and I am winding up by taking the chair at a Women's Suffrage meeting to-night. You must see Miss Royden. She spoke to undergraduates with amazing force. Good-night !

Mrs. Parish's son, Patrick, was born on March 26, 1913.

CROSSWAYS, LITTLE HEATH,  
GREAT BERKHAMSTED, *March 28, 1913.*

This is noble news. Dear Dossie ! a real live mother ! It is the everlasting miracle. But she will take it so simply and rightly and spontaneously ! And it will be an unspeakable joy to her. And she will give herself to it. She is so perfectly natural. I hope she may have been saved the peril and the pain—though it is always quite awful to think of. We men quake and tremble. It is a great relief to think of you freed from the absorbing anxiety which had laid hold of you. It had got at your heart. And you dreaded it.

Mr. George Wyndham died on June 8th, 1913.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD [*June 1913*].

This is terrible news for you ! Just your one 'deposit' out of the past. So you spoke of their house and home. I *am* so grieved for you and her. You will draw together. You will know



what she has to go through. She will count on you. God comfort you both !

Mr. Alfred Lyttelton died a month later, after a week of illness.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD, *July 6* [1913].

So it came. The good hope broke. Down the dark fell, and he is gone. He was so full of life and light. I cannot bring him in under the category of death. He seems to challenge and to deny it. It is not 'like his fair and gracious ways' to go and die. It violates his personal impression. It does not fit.

I find myself going back so much to you as you 'mothered' him through the wonderful adventure of Laura. You gave him the courage to dare greatly, and to win that amazing year. How dear he was to you : how beautiful for you to carry them both in your arms and in your heart ! That was the moment of all moments for him. And there are three incomparable diaries to tell the tale of what she made of it. You never left off 'nursing' him, did you ? He was always your especial care. He owed so much to your confidence in him. He was singularly engaging. He took the heart of every one by storm. He was so fine, and keen, and clean, high-tempered — most lovable and winning. You have suffered bitter loss in those two brilliant young comrades of your soul—Alfred, and George Wyndham. Earth is very much

poorer for you. I grieve greatly for this, for you needed the new brave start, and the gleaming interests, to carry you along.

May God be very good to you in the hour of need !

The following letter was written to Mrs. Drew then in South Africa, and refers to the Labour troubles in that Dominion :

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD,  
*March 20, 1914.*

It was very good of you to write, and to send round the letters that went to Helen. I think I have allowed for all the stress and storm of which you tell me ; but nothing can save us at home from being absolutely staggered by the deportation. It goes behind everything for which we stand ; and all its justification applies equally to the most violent acts done by any Government that pleads the necessity of saving itself at any cost. Here at home it has had a disastrous effect, for all the worst foes of freedom are clapping their hands. Not only that, but it seems also to have landed your Government in further acts of repression which are bound to create difficulty : and already I suppose the recoil has come, and Labour is sweeping the elections.

I read Violet Markham with intense interest, and I thought her wonderfully wise over the white-labour problem. I sympathise very cordi-

ally with all that you tell me about the feelings of the employers now in favour of the native; but it would be a very serious thing if you propose to abolish the opening for white labour altogether, and yet, on the present policy, I cannot see any other issue. However, you will say that over here we do not understand. The book had a bit too much fine writing about it; but she has singular grip and a most masculine judgment; and she went for all the broad, right-minded solutions. I shall long to talk to you when you get home. We are pretty well fixed-up in trouble here; and what will be the end of Ulster nobody can say. But I do think Asquith is behaving with great dignity and calmness, and has made a big offer. Zanzibar is quite calm and rational, and I hope is getting his perspective right.

I am half hoping to get to Hawarden Library for Sunday week. It is a melancholy joy to look at the old places, half at ghosts, and half at strangers. This land is horribly empty for you, I know, with those dear men of yours all gone. It is strange how we go on so quickly as though nothing had happened, but again and again that good, serious face of Alfred's looks at one out of a photograph or something, and the pang of loss revives . . .

Good-bye. I remember you daily, and especially your losses and sorrows.

The next letter records a last visit to Hawarden.

ST. DEINIOL'S, HAWARDEN,  
*March 28 [1914].*

I have really written you a long letter, at last, which is, at this moment, nearing Cape Town. So it must be left to its dismay at finding you flown. This is to welcome you home, from the heart of the old home.

Ghosts! Ghosts! And I am one of them. I flit and hover round the fringes of old familiar places. I look in at the windows, and then run away. I haunt, and gibber, and quake. Am I indeed here? or am I a wraith?

I did so love the little holiday times in the big rectory. I do not know when I have been happier than there. It was so entirely to my mind and heart. And you were so bound up with its story and its memories.

And the Castle, in far-away times. And Buckley. Oh dear! One little plump ghost I have just shaken hands with, Mrs. —. I thought of the fairy, light, faint Madonna that I remembered.

And old —, not a ghost yet at all.

Roberts still flutters round the church, and the old vergers winked. I shall go to tea, at the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, I hope. It is dreadfully wet. And I cannot see Burton<sup>1</sup> from this window. And you are home—deported. Never again, out there. You will find us still staggered by the abrupt abandonment of all

<sup>1</sup> The home of Mr. H. N. Gladstone.

for which we stand. And in such a turmoil *here !!*

Asquith is wonderfully steady and strong. We may yet pull through. Only it will involve a long exclusion of Ulster. It is a blow. But there is no beauty under this hideous, obsolete, and merciless mind which the arrogance and prejudices of centuries have hardened into rock.

The War began on August 4, 1914. No letters have been preserved until the following :

CHRIST CHURCH OXFORD,  
March 22 [1915].

I will gladly try to do what I can. You ask only for a *short* passage. It will be a joy to make some attempt. I know how disappointed you were with ——'s work. It gave me more of a thrill than you seem to allow for.

And dear Dossie ! I will indeed remember her.<sup>1</sup> These lists are appalling. A good letter from old Neville.<sup>2</sup> When do you go back to town ? Please remember me to your sister.

Mr. Gladstone's grandson, Mr. W. G. C. Gladstone, was killed in action, on 13th April 1915. Dr. Holland wrote :—

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD, April 16, 1915.

It is a blow struck at the heart of things. He

<sup>1</sup> Captain Parish was on active service on the Western Front.

<sup>2</sup> The Rev. N. S. Talbot, Fellow and Tutor of Balliol College, then a Chaplain at the Front.

had moved so steadily up into his place : he had gathered into himself so much of the traditions and the hope : he had become the pivot on which rested the high and splendid record of the name. And he had done it modestly, and steadily, and nobly—growing up to his great position with such dignity and honour. All this is stricken down, shattered to fragments, gone ! There has to be another effort made from the beginning. And his poor mother had concentrated everything on this single hope. It has come so quick. And he did not seem meant for it. He was no soldier born. He was of another type. He has made his sacrifice, because of others, in this to him unnatural form.

Life is torn up by the roots through tragedies like this. It ceases to have meaning, and sequence, and reason, and fitness, and order. Only even then violent catastrophes can be taken within the Passion and the Cross. So we must seek, in that tragic disaster, in the severance of all normal human ties, the secret of any peace that is to be found. I have seen no detail whatever yet. The bare naked fact is put down, without even saying where or how he fell.

This cost that we are paying is terrifying. May God guard you and yours ! I got back from Havre on Wednesday.

The letter which follows is a criticism of a letter from Mr. John Galsworthy, which his correspondent had sent Dr. Holland.



CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD,

*July* [1915 or 1916].

Most interesting ; but how shallow ! If it is his passion for the light that makes him tingle at the dark, then he should obviously make his Art reflect this. We ought to feel the light, in and through the dark. We ought to be made more and more aware of this background of light, which makes the dark to be so dark. The sense of what the light would mean should dominate everything. The dark should be felt to be meaningless except through the light.

He so absurdly thinks that you want it to be all light, and nothing but light. But he himself confesses that the two are correlative : and yet he can suppose that this leads him to give the dark unrelieved. If only he will make his own motive in giving the dark felt, he will have done all that you ask.

Your enclosed criticism is first rate. Dossie shall be ever in my prayers. It is a glorious but a dreadful moment. It *was* so good to have you here.

CASTLE HOTEL, HARLECH, N. WALES,

*Aug. 19* [1915].

What have you been at ? They told me at Farnham of a fall on the head, and of pains and trouble. You have had too much of this to need more. Please tell me that all is now right. You had Adeline Duchess <sup>1</sup> to carry you through ?

<sup>1</sup> Of Bedford.

Are you now back ? And is Paddy<sup>1</sup> out of hospital ? and did Dossie get to him ? I never quite made out what had happened.

I have just left poor stricken Farnham.<sup>2</sup> . . . It is cruel when such an affair takes our very best and dearest. All the more glorious was Gilbert's own act of heroic decision. It was splendid and consummating. That dearest mother of his is so touching in her utter open-eyed truth to fact.

Neville has been a very angel—and hero—and saint.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD,  
*September 17 [1915].*

I have just read the *Arthur Lyttelton*.<sup>3</sup> It is quite beautiful ! How noble he was ! and high-pitched ! I should like to have told you why he sent for me to come. He was troubled because his whole religious thought was concentrated on 'the Father.' And he did not find himself occupied with Christ. Was this right ? I could only tell him that it was always right to be 'yourself.' He was given this dominant thought ; and not another.

<sup>1</sup> Colonel Parish had been blown some fifty feet towards the enemy lines, falling on a wire entanglement and wounding his head. He remained on duty for a further ten days when he was wounded, and in hospital he was discovered to be suffering from concussion of the brain, the result of his previous injury.

<sup>2</sup> The residence of the Bishop of Winchester, whose youngest son, Lieut. Gilbert W. L. Talbot, was killed in action July 30th, 1915.

<sup>3</sup> A memoir of the Bishop of Southampton. *The Passing of Arthur*, privately printed.

Next Sunday would be quite free if you could come. We might groan together.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD,  
*November 5 [1915].*

I am so unhappy at your account of your pain. It is dreadful to think that you are to be kept inside it. Surely it will slacken, it will spend itself. Is there nothing but the worse remedy of months in bed? It is piteous. Pain is so hard and stupid. It incapacitates. It seems so bitterly useless. Yet it must do strange things of its own with one. It has a great story behind it. It is a noble tradition. Some secret glory breaks in it. 'Through much tribulation!' But under it we must be blind and dumb. We cannot see what it is doing. Its chastening is, at the time, simply grievous. But there is a fruit. We shall know some day. God help you through it!

I do not know the Jesus folk,<sup>1</sup> and doubt whether they would care for my man, for Longworth. I *did* read Miss Ixe's life! with real interest.<sup>2</sup> What a funny face!

CROSSWAYS, THE COMMON,  
GREAT BERKHAMSTED, *January [1916].*

Have I become as one of you? At least I have a little more sympathy, for I have had a week of neuritis in the leg, and am still hobbling,

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Illingworth, Rector of Longworth, had died on 22nd August 1915; the benefice is in the gift of Jesus College, Oxford.

<sup>2</sup> *Lanoe Falconer*. By E. March Philipps.

and a crock, and the pain has been horrid, and I am missing Neville at Farnham, and go home to-morrow (Saturday). And there I shall stick. Such a bore! How are you? Is any good following the last treatment? I *do* hope so. And Dossie? What can we pray for the New Year? Only that it may, at least, bring about the end.

Dr. Holland was in London for Easter Day, preaching at the Grosvenor Chapel; he had been to Evensong at St. Paul's on Easter Eve.

33 BEDFORD SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY, W.C.  
[*Easter Eve*, 1916].

I have a longing to wish you a restful and painless Easter. It is shameful of me not to have got down to you. But I have been thickly occupied, and it is rather far off here, and I never got further West than once to G. Russell for tea. Have you been free from the pain? I do so hope it. It will be worth everything. I went to Burton for a Sunday, they were so kind to me; and all day I could clearly see the Buckley chimneys, and Moel Vanna<sup>1</sup> was motherly and noble. I could not get over to dear Hawarden itself, and only heard the groans over the Deeside horrors.

I have just been to Evensong at St. Paul's, and hung myself up on the top 'King' in the Easter hymn, till I thought that I never should

<sup>1</sup> A hill near Hawarden.

bear to come down to earth again. God bless you with all His comfort and grace !

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD, *May 12* [1916].

How perfectly beautiful of Dossie and her boy ! She is splendid in the way she responds to photography. It brings out all her noble lines. This is quite glorious—the level eyes, the long curves, the fine brow. Quite lovely. And the babe is delightful. I am so much interested in what you say of the Prime Minister.<sup>1</sup> He can do these bold strokes, too, like that of going to Ireland. This shows real imagination, as when he took over the War Office. . . . He is a wonderful manager of men and affairs, and must possess a superb temper, and patience, and unselfishness.

About the paper on Thrift<sup>2</sup>—is it not too loose and desultory ? There are lots of bits of good things in it ; but they ramble, and wander ; and then, the sudden introduction of the tremendous problem of the old Enclosures, and Common Lands, gives it an air of irresponsibility. These big topics cannot drop in casually and unawares, can they ? I rather feel that it is a string of *hints*.

I am so deeply thankful that you are spared pain, and given sleep and health. You have endured gallantly, for this gain. I am cutting down all I can.

Good-bye—I was most grateful for your letter.

<sup>1</sup> The Right Hon. H. H. Asquith.

<sup>2</sup> A paper for *The Commonwealth*, by a friend.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD [June 1916].

Here it is. You will see what you can make of it. I can think of nothing, day and night, but the North Sea. Charles Fisher<sup>1</sup> is *killed*. The noble heart! God help us!

The next letter refers to the Grenfell memoir and to *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD, Oct. 31 [1916].

I had only time to glance through the book at Farnham—I was astounded, as you are. Since then, Neville has told me of the overpowering effect of Julian and of his passion for life. Neville says that there was something splendid about Julian. And Billy had something glorious. There were superb qualities about these two. Only crossed by Berserker wrath. There remains a beautiful passion of home love—and a glory in living.

About Britling. Everything sounds thrilling. But I have clamoured in vain to the library to send it me. So I have not yet read it. Gore<sup>2</sup> showed me the noble ending. I should *love* it. There is nothing like Wells, when he is at his best. But I want *you* to write us something about it! Do. A short spirit-measure of the book's temper. Just what it counts for. You would do this so rightly and beautifully. Who are you mourning?

<sup>1</sup> Charles Dennis Fisher, M.A., Student, Tutor and Censor of Christ Church, killed in the battle of Jutland.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Gore, Bishop of Oxford.



CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD, Nov. 26 [1916].

It is pitiful to hear how Paddy<sup>1</sup> suffers. To be shaken, and sleepless, is so horrible. Our poor Dossie! We can only be deeply thankful that he is here, at home, himself. It will come. We shall forget the horror. He will, too. It is amazing how it sinks away into nothing in memory. The whole thing is too ghastly for words. We all loathe war more and more. That is the one clear gain. It is hell, hell, hell. Please give dear Dossie all my love and prayers.

I have got *such* a good sermon on Britling from Rawlinson.<sup>2</sup> First rate! It cannot be helped. I should have loved a lightning flash from you. But I cannot complain. We must make amends. Altogether, he has been very well *done* by the Review. Do read *Black 'Ell* by Malleeson.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD, March 9 [1917].

What about Harry Cust? How the death flashed back upon me, the old strange past. . . . I should love a word on it all.

This Dardanelles Report is rather smashing to poor Asquith. It reveals him at his worst (on the 'wait and see' side). And the unhappy experts!—sitting silent and glum, while their ships are sent out on the impossible venture.

Poor unhappy Ireland! I am miserable over that. Yet I do not see my way out. Deploable!

<sup>1</sup> Colonel Parish; see p. 229, note 1.

<sup>2</sup> The Rev. A. E. J. Rawlinson, Student and Tutor of Christ Church.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD,  
*March 20 [1917].*

Alas ! I don't know Ben Tillett. He is one whom I have only come across incidentally. I am annoyed at being useless. Pray catch him somehow. He is really a very great orator.

I hardly know how to sit still, with the whole world racing along into victory—Russia free, and whole ! That abomination of autocracy gone ! With its infamies, and corruptions, and Rasputins, and cliques, and spiritualisms, and scandals ! It is superb. If only they can keep their heads !—with the Grand Dukes, and the nobles, and the municipalities at one with the Revolution.

Turkey breaking—in the ground where it committed its last and worst atrocities ! Arabia alive ! And our cavalry through ! And France breaking again—now that Noyon is theirs ! How shall we live to tell the tale ? It was Russia, I fear, that wrecked the Dardanelles. We might have had the Greek army there, for the first attack. Asquith will, I trust, be able to let us see how it happened, while leaving the great name untarnished. You cannot have a man of Kitchener's force without its limitations.

I have not yet seen *Alfred*,<sup>1</sup> only the review. It is good that it should have been nobly done. Good-bye ! I was so deeply interested in your account of Harry Cust.

<sup>1</sup> *The Memoir of Alfred Lyttelton* by his wife.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD,

*June 15 [1917].*

It was delightful to have you here at peace in the garden, loving the quiet time. All our old delicious intimacy was there, going back so far, so easy and sure. It can never fail us. You must come often.

Your account of — is blacker than I knew. I had not heard of this last stage. . . . Yet he seems to know penitence, in its real temper. It is strange. We must not let ourselves go. I hope London will be careful. Good-bye. God ever bless you. Mrs. I.<sup>1</sup> has begun on the letters.

In August Dr. Holland's health, always fragile, broke down.

BEACON LODGE, UPPER COLWALL,  
MALVERN [*August 1917*].

You know how I think of you : and I know how you pray for me. The strain has put my nerve power very low : and this disturbs food matters : and my new plate won't work. So we are rather in difficulties. I must keep quite quiet and close. But the heart is what it ever was ; and you will be sure of this. God bless you.

BEACON LODGE; UPPER COLWALL,  
*September 13 [1917].*

Thank you so much for your helpful letter. You understand this misery and dread of the night. Thank God that you are free from it!

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Illingworth.

We eat lots and lots of fruit, sent up by the inexhaustible kindness of Lady Henry.<sup>1</sup> Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, has been there; but I was not equal to seeing her. The Eastnor motor car comes every other day to give me a drive with Edward Russell.<sup>2</sup> They are too good. Good-night! my very dear old friend!

His broken health did not quench Dr. Holland's interest in life and literature: at Malvern he read the *Life of Sir Charles Dilke*.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD,  
October 2, 1917.

I had Dilke lent me at Malvern—and plunged, and was absorbed. It is a very big book, and certainly establishes his claim to first-class pre-eminence.

Were Cabinet secrets ever revealed like this before? Have we ever been allowed to know how ministers voted? Is it lawful? It is dreadfully interesting. He and Chamberlain are heartless to your father. They make no allowances for his past, or his tradition. They are wholly out of touch with his mind. They drive him hard and relentlessly. Now and again Dilke allows for him—more than Chamberlain ever does. And they bring out the helplessness of the crew that he had to pull along. Hartington! Incredible. Harcourt! Desperate. And

<sup>1</sup> Lady Henry Somerset.

<sup>2</sup> The Rev. E. F. Russell of St. Alban's, Holborn.

Granville : so amateurish. And, then, Carlingford, and Dodgson. What could be done with them ? I cordially agree about Gordon. It is simply smashing for him. Why does it stop short at the crisis ? Then—the tragedy ?<sup>1</sup> What can be said ? The law was unutterably bad, blundering, stupid, perverse. How could they advise him *not* to go into the box ? And then—that hopeless farce of the second trial ! Over against it is the absolute faith of all who knew him from inside, and the wonderful record of the life. This sweeps the field, does it not ? Can we help accepting it ? Where are we ?

In the next two letters he criticises some *Devotions* of Mr. Gladstone, which were submitted to him.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD,  
October 14 [1917].

The Prayers are wonderfully touching and beautiful, and would be well worth publishing. If only it were lawful to omit *one* section. The unmeasured and vehement Confession of Sin, at the very moment of going up to receive, is surely a relic of the morbidity of some early Tractarianism. It is wrong in position. It is out of all relief. It would never be admitted into the framework of the Liturgies. It would be impossible for us to ask the devout receiver to be

<sup>1</sup> The suit for divorce in which Sir Charles Dilke was cited as a co-respondent.

still saying the Psalm on p. 12 while approaching the altar to receive. So on page 15-16, 'My wicked and impious thoughts,' to actual remembrances of past sins in confession. 'I have defiled all my faculties.' All this ought to precede the Holy Office, certainly not to accompany the very moment of the blessed Reception.

Your father took it from Laud, who is extravagant in his extreme prostration. Could the editor simply omit this part, and give the alternative Confession on p. 13, and then go on to the place where the priest draws near on p. 16?

It would be a real gain to have all the rest—with its rich and deep devotion. I hope this much editing may be lawful. I read the Lit. S.<sup>1</sup> on Lord Acton. Did George R. write it? Interesting on you.

I am wonderfully well. My *head* has entirely recovered. Only lumbago remains.

Mrs. Parish's daughter, Nancy Mary, was born on October 14th, 1917.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD,  
*October 16, 1917.*

This is splendid. How nobly easy she is with it! Lightly she foots it, until the hour strikes. And then, it is done! It is most blessed! And a girl! As you had prayed! Bless her from me!

I think the Prayers would be a most beautiful

<sup>1</sup> *Times Literary Supplement.*



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help—if this accidental morbidity of the day could be quietly excised.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD,  
*October 25 [1917].*

How is the light-footed, airy, lissome, delicate mother? Is she bright, and easy, and happy as ever?—with a new babe to rejoice her. My very best love to her and 'It.' How are you? Remember me from my heart to your hosts. I am amazingly well—only lumbago besets.

The next letter refers to Lord Morley's *Reminiscences*.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD  
*[October 1917].*

I hold back, waiting for the book. But it has not arrived. Has it stuck midway? Herbert is quite excellent. How well he writes! The judgment is perfectly true. The temper of self-approval hangs over everything, and blocks his vision. He has learned so little, since he got hold of his primal positions. Even this war does not compel him to criticise himself. I own that this makes me disappointed with the record, in spite of its continued literary distinction and charm.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD  
*[November 1917].*

How sweet it all sounds with the baptism at Hawarden.<sup>1</sup> So full of tender things! How I

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Parish's baby was baptized at Hawarden.

wish I could have been there ! I cannot get on. I had five days at Cuddesdon, but got some bad nights. I crept back yesterday. It is impossible to travel or get away. I must trust the people who can watch me day by day. But it is a bad bit.

In the next letter Dr. Holland returns again to Lord Morley's *Reminiscences*.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD,  
November 29 [1917].

How good of you to think of this ! And a little later, I hope I might be able to enjoy it up to the full. But I must pick up a bit first. Oh ! some music ! I got a bit tired with my beautiful massage last night, and had a bad time. Such tiny things bowl one over.

I am trying to keep my best friends from pouring in advice to the doctor, and to Alice<sup>1</sup>—she gets distracted. And everything hangs on her, for it is a matter of nursing. I am in such a fright of her being tired out. She *must* be spared all that is possible. Good-bye. I look forward immensely to the letters.<sup>2</sup> At present I am feeling the great Morley to be rather inhuman and complacent. So very *thin* over Oxford !

<sup>1</sup> Miss Hancock, Dr. Holland's housekeeper.

<sup>2</sup> *Some Hawarden Letters*. Edited by L. March Philipps and Bertram Christian (1917).

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD,  
December 20 [1917].

The book <sup>1</sup> broke in, and I have revelled. Delicious! Only, how far away we have all got! So long, long ago! Still discussing George Eliot's power and character! and Huxley!—and a hundred far away things! This makes the brilliant spritely affection of it all so strangely touching! *That* lives, as of to-day. Stuart! How far off that seems!

George Wyndham bursts in, with one swift swoop, and is gone. It is marvellously *rapid*.

I am just where I was—very poor nights, but slowly gathering strength. I feel *wretched*, but that is a good sign.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD,  
December 24, 1917.

Are you home? I must send you one word of love and greeting. Though the earth is blind and bloody, and the outlook crowded with terror, we can nurse our ancient hopes, and loves, and memories, and laughter. These cannot die, nor ever grow stale or thin. They are stronger than ever, deep-rooted and true. God ever bless you for what you have been to me! I am still very low down, and have had some bad nights, and have no power to go forward. But, still, the main organs are right. And there is no pain. Thank God! Only weary, weary hours!

<sup>1</sup> Some Hawarden Letters.

Mrs. Ady will write on your book for *Commonwealth*. She is excited especially by her beloved Burne-Jones, and he writes so well. I hope you are pleased with the results. Good-night, dear old friend. Let Christmas balms be on your head!

The next letter was written immediately after a raid over London.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD  
[January 1918].

How horribly cruel—the raid! All my blood boils with indignation at the horror, while I feel humiliated into the dust at the thought of our impotence. You people seem to me incredibly brave. And the babes are beautiful.

The two friends met for the last time on February 2, 1918; Dr. Holland was very ill. The last letter strikes the same note with which the series began.

February 9, 1918.

I am now absorbed in my old love for Keats. We caught it from 'My Tutor.'<sup>1</sup> And now the *Life* is fascinating for its reality, manliness, purity, nobility, and growth. I am delighted to find him so true to the immortal Wordsworth, who, again, comes out prophetically, with the deep-set eye of Ezekiel. The incomparable dinner

<sup>1</sup> William Johnson (afterwards Cory), Dr. Holland's Tutor at Eton.

at Haydon's, when Lamb chaffed the stamp collector, is retold splendidly. Keats was growing on the very lines on which Shakespeare and Wordsworth grew, passing from idolatries of fancy and imagination to the deeper world of suffering humanity.

Dr. Holland's health grew steadily worse, and he died early in the morning of Passion Sunday, March 17, 1918.

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